

# COUNTRY LIFE

THE JOURNAL FOR ALL INTERESTED IN COUNTRY LIFE  
AND COUNTRY PURSUITS.

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G.P.O. AS A NEWSPAPER.]

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VOL. LIV.—No. 1386.

SATURDAY, JULY 28th, 1923.

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[REGISTERED AT THE G.P.O. AS A NEWSPAPER.]



MARCUS ADAMS.

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THE JOURNAL FOR ALL INTERESTED IN  
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## EDITORIAL NOTICE

The Editor will be glad to consider any MSS., photographs and sketches submitted to him, if accompanied by stamped addressed envelope for return if unsuitable.

COUNTRY LIFE undertakes no responsibility for loss or injury to such MSS., photographs or sketches, and only publication in COUNTRY LIFE can be taken as evidence of acceptance.

## HOLIDAY MOODS

THERE are few surer bonds of sympathy between all sorts and conditions of people than a love of holidays, and the day on which this number of COUNTRY LIFE appears is for a large number the last on which they will go to their daily work for an appreciable space of time. The summer holiday is the best of holidays because it is the longest and seems to stretch away down interminable vistas of happy idleness. Only those in whom the habit of meeting trouble half way is quite ineradicable go so far as at once to begin watching the hour-glass and calculating how much of the golden sands remains. For the first few days, at any rate, time seems to stand blessedly still.

It is an indisputable fact that holidays are never quite so delightful as we expect them to be, but there need be no sadness in this. Only when we are very young do we really expect them to be so, and yet every year we enjoy ourselves in the anticipation of them as much as ever. And this is especially true of those whose holidays have a pleasantly unchanging character, who go year after year to the same house in the same place in order to do the same things. To them the supreme pleasure is in knowing the exact sequence in which events will occur,

the stations that will flit by the window, the landmarks that will tell them their destination is close at hand, the very face of the porter who will take charge of their luggage. And then there are the friends they will meet there, the hilarious greetings and the "old grouse in the gun room" jokes. It is the same kind of pleasure as that with which we open some well loved book, knowing exactly what is going to happen on every page. It is not, of course, the pleasure that appeals to all holiday-makers. There are some of an unquiet and exploring turn of mind to whom this sort of thing is trite and tame. They want new stations and new porters, new faces and places. They do not shrink self-consciously from asking the way: they spurn snugness and safety and revel in strangeness. They even like to plunge into the alarming unknown called "abroad," with no more protection than a phrase book.

The difference between these two classes is not, as it might superficially appear, that between energy and laziness. The members of the one class are not all climbers of Alpine peaks, nor those of the other mere loafers. Those who go to strange foreign places, when once they get there, are often content to lie on their backs in the shade, while the stay-at-home conservative will play golf or lawn tennis day after day with a savage vigour. That which differentiates them is rather the spirit of high adventure or the lack of it, and the more timorous and insular of us, however much the restless antics of our fellows may puzzle us, cannot deny to their courage something both of envy and admiration.

However much holiday-makers may differ in their notions of the best possible holiday, they have this in common, that they wish to be cut off for a time from their everyday surroundings and everyday work. And there are probably few of them so little human in their weaknesses as not to derive an enhanced pleasure from the knowledge that this everyday life is still going on in their absence, that the streets are still full and the morning trains still bearing up to the town their loads of toilers. In this respect, at any rate, those who do not go away till August are to be envied. They may miss something of the freshness of the country and the summer, but they have not to look forward to long hot months in which other people will be going away. When they return, the days will be growing quickly shorter, holidays will be nearly over and the common lot so much the easier to bear.

One of the characteristics of this summer holiday is that it is the holiday both of schoolboys and schoolgirls and of their parents. This may not be quite true of the mother, who does not—more is the pity—always escape from the cares of housekeeping, but it is, at any rate, true of the father. In the Christmas and Easter holidays a busy father may see but little of his children home from school, but in the summer he can play with them as long as he has a mind to it and so ensure that the sympathy and understanding between them do not grow rusty. This is a talent with which all fathers are not blessed in equal measure, but it is certainly one which all should strive to cultivate. It is undeniable that now and then they will find their good resolutions highly tried. A sandwich lunch, for instance, in a crowded railway carriage does not appeal to all. The agonies of the family journey to some place of holiday have been ineffaceably depicted for us by the pencils of John Leech and du Maurier, and, if transient, they can undoubtedly be severe; but the holiday itself, it is to be hoped, will always leave behind it a pleasant memory.

## Our Frontispiece

A PORTRAIT of the Countess of Hardwicke, with her daughter, Lady Elizabeth Yorke, is given as the frontispiece of this issue of COUNTRY LIFE. Lady Hardwicke is a daughter of the late Mr. James Russell of Auckland, New Zealand.

\* \* It is particularly requested that no permission to photograph houses, gardens and livestock on behalf of COUNTRY LIFE be granted except when direct application is made from the offices of the paper.





## COUNTRY NOTES

THE meeting of the Prince of Wales and Mr. Thomas Hardy has made an ineffaceable little picture in the public mind. The youth and charm of the visitor, the venerable and illustrious character of the host, must appeal strongly to the imagination, the more so because the Prince came in the rôle of a pilgrim to the country which Mr. Hardy has made a shrine for his admirers. Other great writers have set their mark on a house or a street or a town. Rochester belongs to Dickens once and for all. Bath he shares with Sheridan and Miss Austen. But surely no author since Walter Scott has made so large a tract of country so wholly his own as has Mr. Hardy. For many people the historic glories and interests of Dorchester are swallowed up in the fact that it is Casterbridge. Wessex is not, as they were taught at school, the kingdom of the West Saxons, but of Tess or Fancy Day or Eustacia Vye. Moreover, he has not only peopled Wessex with his characters, but has made his readers see through his eyes and with wonderful vividness the background against which they move. It is impossible to think of the "Return of the Native," and not of the description of Egdon Heath. It was altogether pleasant that the Prince should do honour to this prophet who has so much honour in his own country.

A DISCOVERY with fascinating possibilities has been made at Stonehenge by air photography. The great avenue running north-east has evoked innumerable theories as to its destination, but though for some distance this "road," 70ft. broad between its banks, is clear, only one branch of it—that running north to the cursus or stadium—has been satisfactorily explained. The other branch—for the road forks after some 100yds.—had been traced by Sir Richard Colt Hoare early last century for 860yds., to a hill due east, but there it was lost, as has been even its course thither in the intervening years. Sir Norman Lockyer founded his astronomical theory of sunrises on the assumption that the road stopped at the hill. But this is now definitely disproved by the air photographs taken under the instructions of Mr. O. G. S. Crawford, who may be called the pioneer of this form of research in England. These have, this month, confirmed the course shown last century and have traced it for half a mile further, after a sharp bend, to West Amesbury on the Avon. Now, this road has carefully selected the easiest gradient to Stonehenge from the point where the Avon is nearest, and Mr. Crawford, walking over the line, picked up, at about a mile from Stonehenge itself, a piece of the "blue" stone of which the "foreign" monoliths are composed. These have been proved to have come from Pembrokeshire, though whether by sea or land has never been conclusively decided. Writing in the *Observer*, Mr. Crawford promises inquiry by an engineer into the possibility of rafts capable of carrying two ton loads having been floated up the Avon,

in confirmation of the legend recorded by Geoffrey of Monmouth, that Stonehenge was brought by Merlin from "Ireland"—that is a Celtic country beyond the sea.

WE said something last week of the sale by the Union Club of their famous old home at the corner of Trafalgar Square. It is now announced that the Club's new home is to be No. 10, Carlton House Terrace, formerly Lord Ridley's house, on the east side of the Duke of York's Steps and opposite the German Embassy. This is a fact not only interesting in itself but as a straw showing how the wind blows. Before the war another club sought a home in Carlton House Terrace, but was refused. To-day, it has become obvious that the supply of people rich enough to live in houses so magnificent is running short. These houses become, perforce, harder and harder to dispose of, and as, in less splendid regions, shops and lodging houses creep in where once was unbroken gentility, so the first club has now broken in upon Carlton House Terrace. It will not, as we imagine, be the only one and it is conceivable that offices of the statelier kind will follow in its wake. It may be a pity, but it is certainly not such a pity as it would be if these fine houses, with their noble prospect over the St. James's Park, should moulder in gloom and emptiness.

MOST people will, we believe, be glad that the University of Cambridge is not to be coerced in the matter of giving full membership of the University to women. Had the amendment of the Universities Bill which was before the House of Commons last week been carried it would have meant a direct instruction to the University Commissioners to take action and at once give women this full membership. For ourselves, we desire to see women receive it, and regret that in this matter Cambridge has lagged behind Oxford and made what Mr. Trevelyan called a "petty resistance to the inevitable recognition of women." We hold it, however, a more important thing that a great University should retain its autonomy and not lose its liberty by reason of receiving a Government grant. As Mr. Wood said, in language of studied moderation, the House of Commons is "not altogether well fitted to express opinions on University organisation." The mistaken attitude of one University on this particular point cannot last much longer, and it would be most unfortunate if it were made the excuse for so far-reaching a change of principle.

### MY OFFERING.

Dearest, God hung the stars for you  
In heaven's blue,  
And lit the crescent lamp of night  
For your delight;  
Made the intricate world with art  
To wake your heart.

But I, so poor, have nought of these  
Wherewith to please;  
Can show no inwrought sky above  
To win your love;  
I can but speak my pleading low,  
And failing, go.

D. S.

IT is difficult to see how the traffic problem can ever be satisfactorily solved without a wholesale widening of main thoroughfares. The difficulties of such a process, chief of which is the great expense, are shown in the proposal made by the City Corporation to widen Princes Street. The London County Council, to whom the Corporation submitted the proposal with a view to a division of the expense, are not prepared to support the idea, considering that the benefit to traffic will not be commensurate with the necessarily great expense. While all will approve of the L.C.C.'s economy of ratepayers' money, it is yet obvious that something must be done. So far, no one has proposed a method which would enormously increase road area at a great saving of expense and a correspondingly great benefit to the convenience of foot passengers and street architecture, namely, the construction of colonnades.

Shop fronts could, without insuperable difficulty, be set back some 20ft., and the upper walls be supported on arches, to the bases of which the roadways could be widened. Hitherto the L.C.C. regulations have prohibited this, except in the case of the Ritz, presumably in consequence of the objection, largely moral, to Nash's colonnade in Regent Street. Something of the sort has been proposed for New York, where traffic is also a problem, and such modern cities as Turin acquire unforgettable character and actual beauty from long and stately arcades.

THE news that all taxis must be able, on pain of condemnation, to maintain a speed of twenty miles an hour on a level road must have brought a smile of irony to the lips of many Londoners. They may feel inclined to say that their first desire is for streets sufficiently uncongested to permit of a far more modest rate of progress. Their second would be for some decrease in the fares. Now that the price of petrol has come down, this would seem not unreasonable, and the fares for longer distances do mount up alarmingly. But, however that may be, the campaign of Scotland Yard against decrepit taxis is beyond doubt a sound one. We have all at times driven in taxis which rattle and groan so painfully as to appear in imminent risk of dissolution, whereas those of the more modern brand are, by comparison, wonders of smooth running and spaciousness. Looking glasses, ash-trays and bunches of artificial flowers we do not crave, but there is no reason why we should not be comfortable. To-day there is a certain romance about musty old four-wheelers with straw on the floor, but when we had to drive in them we should have been glad if they could have been condemned. About infirm taxis there is no romance at all and they will go to the scrap-heap wholly unlamented.

SIGNOR GUIDO GATTI has contributed a "foreign impression" of the state of English music to the periodical *Musica d'Oggi*. It may be taken as a result of the Marionettes' visit to England, for Signor Gatti was particularly pleased by the discriminating reception of such works as those of Respighi, Malipiero and Pizzetti. Turning to our own composers, he recognised clearly—more so than we are apt to do—the existence of a definite "school," comprising all the present generation—Bax, Bliss, Frank Bridge, Gibbs, Goossens, Holst, Howells, Ireland and Vaughan Williams, a school "at least as English as what is written in France is French, and each of them interesting and considerable personalities in European music." In Italy, the only English work performed is Elgar's "Enigma Variations"—and Stravinsky's "Sacre" has only just reached Rome in truncated form. Signor Gatti, therefore, brought an entirely fresh mind to bear on the subject and, in that light, analysed our renaissance as concerning itself with the more audacious Continental work on the one hand, and with the discovery and application of our own musical past on the other. That the two tendencies are compatible is seen in much of Debussy, and our capacity for "anglicising" has, so Signor Gatti sees it, succeeded in welding the two apparently disparate aims into an individual style. His appreciation is rounded off by a generous tribute to the educative work of the older men—Parry, Mackenzie and Stanford, though it is a pity that he was able to hear none of Sullivan, who, as much as anyone, continued what many hold to be our peculiar musical characteristic—the English ballad form.

GENTLEMEN v. PLAYERS at Lord's was a good match, but it was not a great one. There were moments when the Players were, to some extent, in jeopardy, but it never seemed really likely that they would lose. They very properly set themselves stubbornly to play for a draw, and so the match could not but peter out a little tamely. It is always refreshing to find the Gentlemen doing themselves full justice in this match, and Mr. Lyon and Mr. Stevens, who made a great stand, and Mr. Loudon, who had the Players in trouble all the time in their first innings, may fairly be called the heroes of the match; but the general standard of play did not, it must be admitted, attain to the heroic. Our cricket is poor to-day in great

figures. There is only one Hobbs, and he cannot quite "get going" this year. Hearne is a beautiful batsman, but to hear that he is playing a long innings is not to feel that we must rush to Lord's or die in the attempt. We are content to wait placidly till we can read about it in next morning's paper.

THOSE who went to the Wembley Stadium on Saturday last—and they looked a pitifully small gathering in that vast theatre—were well repaid. It would be difficult to imagine anything more exciting than the end of the sports between Oxford and Cambridge and Harvard and Yale, when the whole issue of the day hung on the last race, the 220yds. The excitement was, if possible, enhanced by the fact that this race, as well as two others, started out of sight in a dark and cavernous tunnel under the ring of seats. Thus there was an agonising moment of waiting to see what the tunnel would bring forth. When at last Abrahams, the Cambridge sprinter, came shooting out with a long lead, an obvious winner, the shout of pent-up relief and joy was worth hearing. Abrahams was, of course, the hero of the day, as he was earlier in the year against Oxford, for he won three events out of the six won by his side—a great achievement. Nothing was more dramatic than the mile, in which Davis, running the race as Seagrove's second string, never lost the lead which he had taken early "according to plan," but went on to win on his own account. Tibbetts of Harvard ran a finely judged race in the two miles, and the whirlwind sprint with which he overwhelmed MacInnes carried the most patriotic of English spectators off their legs. The American sprinters and jumpers, usually so formidable, were a little disappointing. To find an American team without a jumper to clear 6ft. is rare indeed.

#### THE CELEBRITY.

For years an' years she trudged  
Up an' down the 'ill;  
Now an' agen she drudged  
At Purdy's Paper Mill.  
She'd never a bairn of 'er own,  
Nay, nor never a man;  
Nobody cared what becomed of 'er—  
Poor ould Nan!

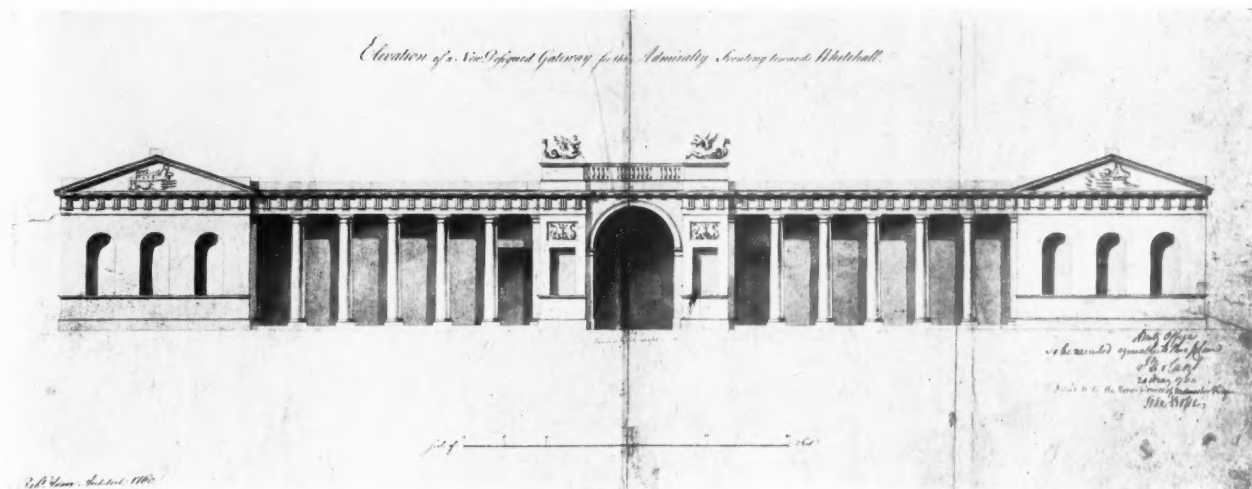
Oi've seed 'er gatherin' sticks  
Down in Bottom Wood;  
Out in the fields at six,  
'Arnin' 'er daily food;  
Draggin' 'ome toired at dusk  
To the cottage nobody shared;  
Nobody knowed 'ow she kep' 'ersel'—  
Nobody cared.

But now you can 'ear 'er name  
From everyone yer see;  
Sudden she's sprung into fame—  
'Er as was nobody.  
For last noight, people sez,  
Whisperin' mystifoied—  
Ould Nan done some'at remarkable—  
'Er doied.

ALMEY ST. JOHN ADCOCK.

WE have received a number of further letters on "The Puzzle of the Cuckoo." Mr. Edgar Chance, who has devoted so much time and care to the subject, while certain that Mr. Astley has faithfully recorded his impressions, is not satisfied as to the exactness of his evidence. Several other correspondents have taken up the cudgels on one side or the other, and one tries to hold an even course between the two by declaring that the cuckoo sometimes lays her egg in the ordinary way and sometimes inserts it into the nest with her beak. The correspondence has become so voluminous that it threatens to engulf our space, and we have therefore decided to close it. We do not purpose adding fuel to the fire by expressing a view of our own. That would scarcely be fair when we debar others from doing so. We must leave our readers to form their own conclusions one way or the other, and some of them, perhaps, to the rather laborious enterprise of watching cuckoos for themselves next spring.





## THE VEIL OF THE ADMIRALTY

THE present administrators of the Office of Works and the Admiralty are to be warmly congratulated on their alterations of the screen across the Whitehall front of the Admiralty. The work can have escaped few people's attention, even at a time when Regent Street is rent by cataclysms and eruptions have torn up most of our thoroughfares. For, during the last month or two, work has been inexpensively carried out that has restored to this earliest of Robert Adam's works in London its full meaning. This had, since 1827-28, been distorted—or, anyhow, obscured—by the two gaps broken in the colonnade by the Duke of Clarence when Lord High Admiral, to admit his coach—an arrangement that deprived the central archway of all use and meaning and made the colonnade rather ridiculous. Two foot-passages on either side of the central arch of were also filled up at that time and have now been reopened.

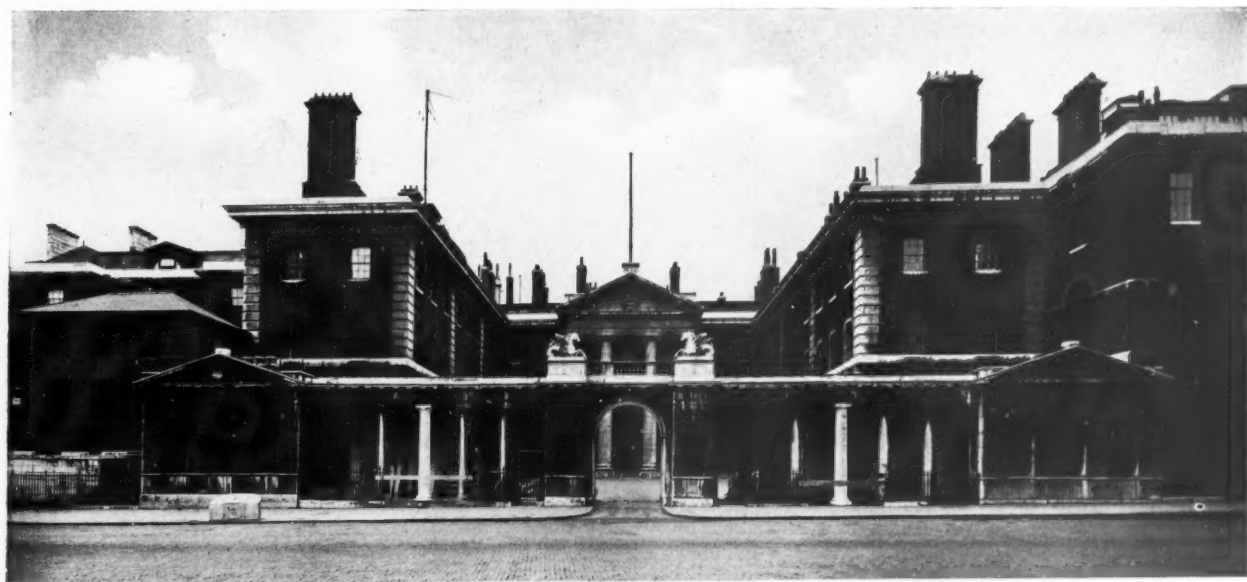
This restoration of its façade by a Ministry is a welcome and refreshing variation of the more usual practice of saving the Minister's face; and, though the results are so different, the process is largely the same, as in each case original plans are adduced to justify a review of subsequent events.

Adam's plan and elevation of the screen are preserved at the Admiralty, and the process of restoration has therefore been simplified. The erection of the screen was first contemplated in that great year 1759—the year of victories, though it was not completed till the next or the following year, as a drawing by Wale, reproduced in "London and Environs," published in 1761, still shows the original arrangement before the screen was put up.

Just before, Adam had been making out designs for interiors at Hatchlands Park, near Guildford—another of Ripley's houses,

then belonging to Admiral Boscawen, who had captured Louisbourg the previous year. Boscawen was at the Admiralty from 1751 to 1761, so it was probably through his influence that Adam received this commission. The prevailing opinion has always been that Adam was called in to erect a screen that should hide the Admiralty buildings themselves, which, ever since their erection in 1724-26 by Thomas Ripley, have suffered under the stigma cast on them by Pope and repeated by every writer from Horace Walpole to the descriptive authors of last century. The truth, however, is thereby only imperfectly stated. The screen was not obtained by a purely æsthetic revolt, nor, as it might well have been, was it a monument of the year of victories. A much more prosaic agency—the widening of Whitehall consequent on the demolition of the Holbein Gate to the old Palace in 1759—was the principal cause. This involved the removal of Ripley's plain brick wall, punctuated by piers and pierced in the centre by simple wooden gates, and also of two low colonnades or loggias that connected the wall with the ends of the projecting wings. The effect of this was to shorten the forecourt and thereby further to upset Ripley's proportions. These, it can be admitted at once, are, as writers have combined in repeating, clumsy; and Adam's screen, forced up against the ends of the wings, has served only to accentuate this clumsiness. The Admiralty façade has been unjustly treated, and is certainly not as bad as its critics have affirmed. Pope's lines in "The Dunciad" prejudiced observers from the outset:

See under Ripley rise a new Whitehall,  
While Jones' and Boyle's united labours fall.



THE SCREEN AS RESTORED, WITH THE TWO REPLACED COLUMNS.





Ripley is again referred to by Pope in the essay "On the Use of Riches":

Heaven visits with a Taste the wealthy fool  
And needs no rod but Ripley with a rule.

But Pope's prejudice was less æsthetic than partisan. At the time of his satires Burlington was arbiter of taste and the generous patron of men of letters. If, therefore, any artist or architect happened to incur the displeasure of the Burlington clique—for example, by being patronised by Sir Robert Walpole—he did not hesitate to pour all the scorn upon him at his command.

Ripley was never a great architect, but his other works, executed for private clients, are far from bad. Houghton, which he built from Colin Campbell's designs for Walpole, introducing some details of his own, and Wolterton Hall are, in their ways, extremely successful. The Admiralty, as is frequently the case with buildings supervised by public authorities, was almost certainly a compromise between the architect's intentions and a committee's requirements. One of the chief of these was the necessity of providing separate residences for seven Lords of the Admiralty; a second was the filling of the narrow and deep site formerly occupied by Wallingford House. This building, at one time the headquarters of the Lord Protector's army, had been used as the Admiralty since 1695, previous to which Judge Jeffery's house in Duke Street had been used. Ripley, therefore, had to produce a building with long wings and at the same time imposing and commodious. The result, as he worked it out, is that the portico is much too high for its own breadth and the breadth of the central block. When, however, the forecourt wall was some distance away from the wings and the central feature was visible over the wall, the general effect, if not classically correct, must at least have been not unpleasant. Indeed, a long, narrow court and a tall, narrow portico are a conception not devoid of majesty. However, even before the widening of Whitehall, the writer of "London and Environs" remarked that it was the importance of the building that commended it to notice. The portico which was intended as an ornament, rather disgusted than pleased

him. So Walpole could safely repeat the general sentiment when he described the Admiralty as a most ugly edifice, deservedly veiled by Mr. Adam's handsome screen.

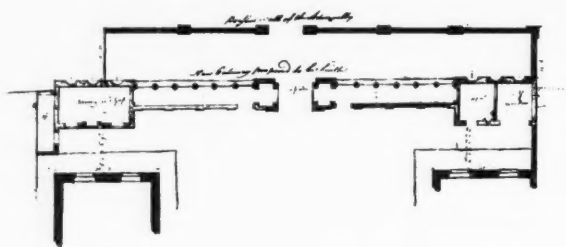
Walpole's dislike of the buildings must have been genuine for him to praise Adam in comparison—as he rarely missed an opportunity of belittling the latter. As a matter of fact, Adam comes near to being guilty of architectural cruelty in the manner in which he fitted his screen to the wings; for, instead of making the best of it and conforming the breadth and divisions of his screen to those of the building behind it, he purposely set the pedimented ends of his screen as far as possible on either side, so that they bore no relation whatever to the wings and serve only to further accentuate the unfortunate narrowness of the courtyard. He, in effect, gives the impression of saying, "This is the scale that I would have adopted for these buildings, putting my wings here and here. As it is, you can see how grossly that other man bungled the job."

But, for all that, Ripley's solid, unpretentious edifice, insulted though it has been by Pope, Walpole and Adam, makes the screen look nearly as uncomfortable as itself. The latter, by insisting on the correct breadth for the buildings behind it, has narrowly escaped appearing long-drawn-out. Certainly the details of this "veil," as Walpole termed it, perhaps with reference to its undeniable lightness, are charming: the two hippocripts surmounting the central piers, on which two square medallions display the Admiralty dolphins, and the bas-reliefs in the pediments of the terminal blocks, on the one side a Roman prow with its corvus, on the other the bows of a British man-o'-war. And the replacing of the columns and the filling in of the side walls have restored Adam's intentions and have strengthened the composition—which was rendered

hopelessly disconnected and weak by the two carriage-ways—but it has not, and never could, make a harmonious combination of the two: the bluff and ungainly old sea-dog and the genteel dilettante.

It is rarely now that such respect as this is paid to an architect's original intentions, and once again the Admiralty deserve all praise for their sympathetic work.

C. H.



ADAM'S PLAN, SHOWING RIPLEY'S WALL IN BLACK AND HIS OWN SCREEN SOME DISTANCE BACK.

# THOROUGHBREDS at LAVINGTON PARK

LORD WOOLAVINGTON AS A BREEDER-OWNER.



IN THE PADDOCKS.

LORD WOOLAVINGTON'S thoroughbred breeding stud at Lavington Park, near Petworth, in West Sussex, will receive a most distinguished addition when Captain Cuttle, the Derby winner of 1922, goes there on the completion of his career in training. Until a little while ago his trainer, Fred Darling, the clever son of a most able father, had much faith that he would be able to train the big horse to win more engagements as a four year old. He did, it will be remembered, succeed in bringing him out in the spring to win a race at Kempton Park, but it has proved to be his first and only race as a four year old. Of course, he won very easily because it is generally agreed that he is entitled to take rank as a Derby winner above the average.

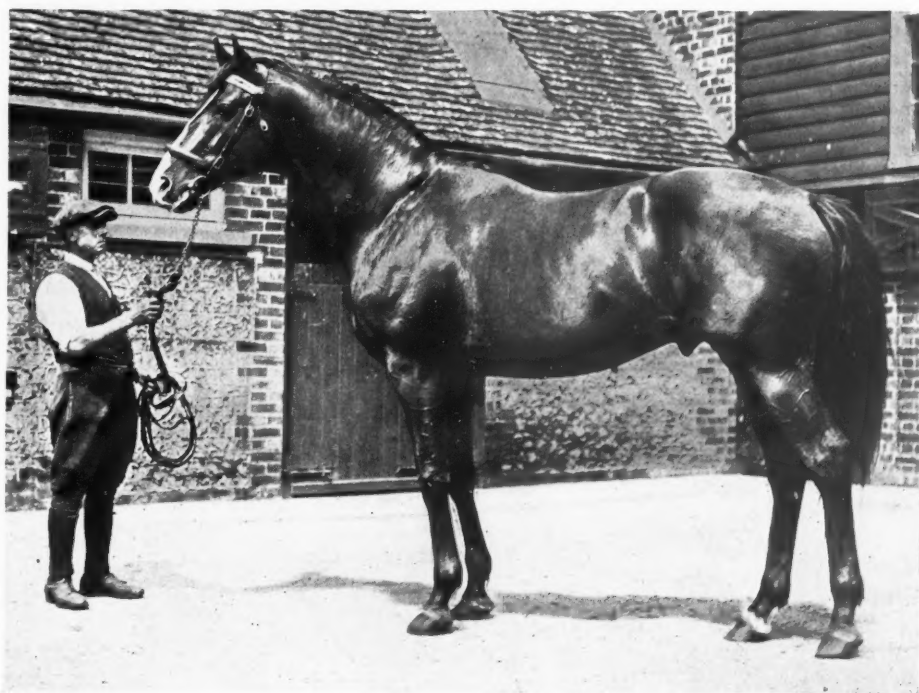
There is no question, of course, of Captain Cuttle being for sale. The suggestion was put to Lord Woolavington some time ago, but he just shook his head and very politely let it be understood that the horse was not for sale. Many others would have different views, but then they are far more imbued with the commercial spirit in breeding and racing than is Lord Woolavington. He has spent a lifetime in strict business affairs, but with him now breeding and racing are essentially a hobby and to be treated as such, though just before the Derby, when Town Guard was torturing him, I often thought a grand hobby for the time being was masquerading as some sort of plague. Well, then, if a man is racing and breeding for pleasure and has in him a sentimental affection for horses, especially of course those that bring him

much happiness as Captain Cuttle must have done in 1922, it is quite easy to understand why Lord Woolavington wishes to have Captain Cuttle at Lavington Park rather than the cash value of him in the bank or invested in other bloodstock.

If I had the business of valuing Captain Cuttle to-day I would not consider a lower figure than forty or fifty thousand pounds. Certainly he is worth fully that amount if Tracery, unable to begin duty again in this country until he is fifteen years of age, is worth over £30,000. It means that with father and son (Hurry On and Captain Cuttle) holding court at Lavington Stud that establishment is assured of outstanding prominence and prosperity for some years to come. I have thought it to be an appropriate moment at which to remind readers of some of the horses that are making history at the present time in this beautiful spot in West Sussex. Some of us will be in its near neighbourhood next week answering the call of Goodwood, which is on those uplands branching away from the sweeping stretch of downland that girts Lavington Park on its western side. I have stood in the quiet and shady paddocks and looked at that

guardian-like down, and my thoughts have carried beyond it to incomparable Goodwood. It is a stimulating environment in every sense.

The breeding season of 1923 is over now, but Mr. Rouch has been able to secure some charming studies of mares and foals, and, of course, he gives a faithful picture of Hurry On as he is to-day. Lord Woolavington has commenced the present racing season with extraordinarily fine prospects. Last year for the first time



W. A. Rouch.

HURRY ON.

Copyright.



he was at the head of the winning owners with £32,188, representing his winnings. Hurry On had only been beaten by a few sovereigns, as it were, by Lemberg for the sires' championship. He owned the favourite for the Derby in Town Guard, and for Captain Cuttle, could he only stand training, there were some of the choicest prizes of the Turf awaiting winning. We have looked on that picture. Let us now look on this if only to show that the great ones must bow to the vicissitudes of fortune.

Knockando at his first venture in public was only beaten a head for the valuable Two Thousand Guineas and the classic honours that go with the race. Town Guard met with misfortune in his training and was a horrible disappointment at Epsom. And Captain Cuttle I have already written about. It may be, however, that, so far as Lord Woolavington is concerned the season is still young. Town Guard might conceivably rehabilitate himself, and there must be two year olds either at Clarendon or Beckhampton training stables that should win

beaten. At Newbury he beat Canyon, the winner of the One Thousand Guineas. For the September Stakes, which was the substitute affair in the war for the St. Leger, he beat Clarissimus, the winner of the Two Thousand Guineas. They only betted

40 to 1 on him when he won the Newmarket St. Leger and 25 to 1 on when he secured the Jockey Club Cup! It was clear, therefore, that the bookmakers wanted us to understand that they also could recognise a good horse when they saw one.

When in training he was immensely powerful, with a resolute, devouring and whirlwind sort of action. He must have given his jockeys an extraordinary feel of strength, and one felt that as he raced up to and away from some worthy opponents that he was intent on breaking their hearts. It is a pity such a grand horse did not live and flourish in pre-war or post-war days, for he would have had so many greater opportunities.

When Fred Darling joined the army in 1916 the big fellow went to be trained at Newmarket, but for some reason he was not persevered with, and so in 1918 he was at Lavington Park ready for stud duties. I last saw him in the spring of 1920,



PAMFLETA AND GREY FILLY FOAL BY TETRATEMA.



VERVE AND BROWN FILLY FOAL BY BUCHAN.

distinction. If not, then more than ever we shall have to look to the stud to send out a fresh and better supply to the racecourse. As its owner has never spared expense in strengthening its resources, especially with the right sort of mares, we can certainly take a cheerful view of the future of the Lavington Park Stud.

First as to Hurry On. I have, I know, written of him before during his sojourn at the stud, but it was before he had commenced to make a big mark as a sire. In the first instance he only cost Lord Woolavington 500 guineas as a yearling. By Marcovil from Tout Suite, his breeder was Mr. W. Murland, who is so well known in connection with National Hunt sport. He only ran as a two year old, and I most distinctly remember his first appearance on a racecourse. It took place at Lingfield Park in 1916 and, starting well backed, he won all right. His trainer, Fred Darling, must have known something in his favour at that time, but the fact is the big chestnut horse began to improve out of all knowledge when he came to be introduced to the racecourse. Altogether he ran six times and was never



W. A. Rouch. FLOWER OF YARROW AND FILLY FOAL BY HURRY ON.

Copyright.



but, of course, he has developed since then in the sense that he is heavier to the point of being massive without in any way being cumbersome and unwieldy. The illustration, indeed, shows him as a grand individual with a truly wonderful forehead and back and loins. Such a perfect specimen on the big scale ought, you would think, to get racing machines, but the sire is not wholly concerned. Mares have some say in the evolution of these things.

He got Captain Cuttle and that other good horse Diligence, the winner this year of the Newbury Cup and a dead-heater with Simon Pure for the Jubilee Handicap, in his first season. Such as Town Guard, Hurry Off and Roger de Busli came in his second, and I have no doubt that before the season is over we shall hear of one or two high-class two year olds by him. He is an extremely kind horse, and let me once more emphasise the importance of temperament in sires. A wild and bad-tempered sire I have no use for, since the vice is certain to be transmitted to the progeny, to some more than to others. It is not surprising to know that the horse's subscription list for 1924 and 1925 is full—an extraordinary case of advance booking this!—and, incidentally, I may mention that Captain Cuttle's fee for 1924 has been fixed at 300 guineas. I do not suppose he will be available for 1924 much longer.

Among the photographs of mares accompanying these notes I may first of all note Joie de Vivre, a perfect matronly individual by Gallinule from a mare by Melton. She is full of Gallinule character, as breeders familiar with it will at once recognise. She was bred by Mr. William Clark and the late Mr. Lionel Robinson, and became the property of Lord Woolavington in 1918. Her first produce for him was Alan Breck, a high-class two year old but rather a tragedy for the Derby, since he went wrong just before the race. He was by Sunstar, but I recollect seeing touches of Gallinule in him, and in any case he was a most handsome individual. Joie de Vivre is also the dam of the winner Prestongrange. The mare Wet Kiss used to be raced by the ex-jockey, William Higgs, who bought her from her breeder in Ireland, Mr. C. W. Brindley. Her



JOIE DE VIVRE.

the top class races for two year olds on the July course at Newmarket, and I have no doubt they betted accordingly. But what do you think they ran up against? Only Diadem, as good and honest a filly as ever trod the turf! Pamfleta made a fuss at the start and, taking that into consideration, she ran well and not so far behind Diadem.

Pamfleta passed into the possession of Messrs. Robinson and Clark. They sent her to The Tetrarch, and when that famous grey at once began to get high-class winners they sold the yearling from the mare for something like 5,000 guineas. The yearling was named Idumea and was bought by Mr. Hornung. Subsequently Pamfleta was sold for about 10,000 guineas to Lord Woolavington, but before then she had been once more to The Tetrarch. There came Paola on the scene, the winner this season of the Coronation Stakes at Ascot for the Aga Khan. It will be understood, therefore, what a profitable mare she has proved herself

already. The Tetratema foal you see at foot should race because she is practically three parts sister to Idumea and Paola. Tetratema, of course, was by The Tetrarch, and I fancy this is the first foal by him that I have seen.

Flower of Yarrow's foal by Hurry On is a most excellent one, and the mare is good enough looking for anything. She



WET KISS AND CHESTNUT COLT FOAL BY HURRY ON.



W. A. Rouch.

CHESTNUT YEARLING FILLY BY HURRY ON—WINDY RIDGE.



Copyright.

BROWN YEARLING FILLY BY HURRY ON—VERVE.

was not a wonder on the racecourse, but she was a winner. The yearling filly by Hurry On from Windy Ridge is a striking example of the size and bone imparted by the sire. Other things being equal, size is bound to tell and turn the scale. A most attractive yearling filly showing lots of quality is by Hurry On from Verve. She is a charming sort in every way.

I could write much more on the many interesting inhabitants of this stud, but space is a consideration and must be respected. May I express a hope that Lord Woolavington will be spared many years to take pleasure in the winners that must surely come from his stud season after season. One can foresee a bright

future before it. In the first place Hurry On has done brilliantly and is in high favour with breeders generally. Moreover, he is still a comparatively young horse. He is to be joined by a winner of the highest honours on the Turf, and certainly there is general agreement that no horse in modern times has run a Derby in quite such brilliant fashion. Then the mares are of the right sort. They have been carefully selected, and those not home bred cost a lot of money because they were good and well bred mares. One may have the greatest possible faith in the big part Lavington Park seems bound to play in the racing and breeding affairs of the immediate future. PHILIPPOS.

## THE MOUNTAIN POPPIES

By SIR DAVID PRAIN, C.M.G., C.I.E.

**A**MONG garden plants that, in spite of cultural difficulties, arouse an interest which occasionally amounts to enthusiasm may be reckoned the Asiatic members of the genus *Meconopsis*, known as mountain poppies. They include all the species except the yellow-flowered Welsh poppy, *M. cambrica*, and two Californian forms, *M. heterophylla* and *M. crassifolia*, with brick-red petals and a purple eye. Two or three of these mountain poppies are practically confined to Tibet; one is restricted to Central China; the majority inhabit the alpine escarpments overlooking India to the south and China to the east. About half of those in cultivation come from the Himalayas between Hazara and the Kachin ranges, half from the Alps of Yunnan, Szechuen and Kansu. The imperfectly explored ranges east of Bhutan may yet yield forms now unknown, but the mountain poppies already described vary sufficiently in habit and character to interest both the gardener and the botanist.

No Asiatic species is truly annual like the Californian ones; only 10 per cent. are perennial like the Welsh poppy: their normally monocarpic habit is one of the cultural disadvantages of these mountain poppies. Stray plants of certain species sometimes flower in the first year from seed; occasionally, individual plants survive after flowering and blossom a second time. These casual modifications of the biennial habit may be associated with accidental germination of newly ripened seed. In a few species the size of the rootstock and the number of withered leaf-bases under the crown, suggest the intervention, between seed and flower, of more than one season of vegetative growth. This sometimes happens in cultivation, but does not render the plants polycarpic. In the case of *M. grandis*, a species introduced for economic reasons to Sikkim from Nepal, the normally monocarpic habit has been partially overcome; plants in cultivation in this country sometimes persist and flower from the same crown for several seasons in succession.

Most mountain poppies come from high alpine stony hill-sides; some, however, are met with only on sheltered slopes among bushes rather lower down. A few, like *M. speciosa*, are confined to screes; two or three, like the Sikkim blue poppy, *M. Wallichii*, prefer bog conditions; at least one, *M. bella*, is restricted to moist crevices on cliff faces. In many the leafy crown persists during the winter that separates the vegetative from the flowering year. In our gardens the leaves of *M. Wallichii* and its yellow-flowered ally, *M. paniculata*, remain green; in other species with persistent crowns, the leaves shrivel in winter. This difference may be connected with conditions as regards snowfall in the natural habitat of the species; those whose crowns are green during our winter come from lower elevations than most. One of the cultural difficulties with the mountain poppies is our inability to ensure sufficiently rigorous climatic conditions. They miss the winter snow; they dislike our early spring.

The gardener sometimes finds it difficult to distinguish a mountain poppy from a true poppy. The criterion originally employed was used to separate the Welsh poppy, whose seed vessel tapers upward into a slender style with the stigma compacted at its tip, from a field poppy, whose seed

vessel is crowned by a flattened disc over which the stigma radiates like the spokes of a wheel. That criterion applies as regards 80 per cent. of the Asiatic mountain poppies, but is hardly adequate for the remainder. In a recently introduced Himalayan species, *M. discigera*, the seed vessel has both a style and a disc; in three introduced Chinese ones, *M. integrifolia*, *M. punicea* and *M. quintuplinervia*, the stigma is sessile and radiates from the centre, as in a true poppy. But it still remains easy to separate *Meconopsis* from *Papaver*; when a mountain poppy has a disc, that disc does not support a star-shaped stigma; when a mountain poppy has a star-shaped stigma, that stigma does not rest upon a flattened disc.

In 70 per cent. of the mountain poppies the hairs are smooth, as in a field poppy; in 30 per cent. they are minutely toothed, as in the Oriental poppy of gardens. This difference enables the botanist to subdivide *Meconopsis* into sections. Another feature that interests the botanist more than the gardener is a tendency in the flowers of mountain poppies to deviate from the design characteristic of a true poppy flower. The Shirley poppy, for example, has a green calyx of two sepals, enclosing four coloured petals arranged in two pairs. In all mountain poppies the calyx is like that of a true poppy; so, too, in 40 per cent. of the mountain poppies, is the corolla. But in 20 per cent. of the Asiatic mountain poppies the terminal flower, which opens first, and some, if not all, of the flowers which open later and lower down on the raceme-like central scape, may have five petals spirally disposed. This feature, though frequent, might be regarded as casual were it not that, in the remaining 40 per cent., all the flowers have six or more spirally arranged petals. These mountain poppies exhibit yet another feature, which interests the gardener even more than the botanist. In a Californian *Meconopsis* the petals are coloured as they might be in a true poppy. The colour of the petals of the Welsh poppy, though unusual, is not unknown in true poppies. But while 20 per cent. of the Asiatic mountain poppies accord with the Welsh poppy in having yellow flowers, only one Chinese species, *M. punicea*, has petals whose colour resembles that characteristic of a true poppy. The flowers of those others whose petals are not yellow are normally some shade of blue or purple which, however, is liable, like a litmus dye, to undergo transformation into some shade of pink or red. The petals, when blue, may be pale blue—as in the Kashmir blue poppy, *M. aculeata*—or dark blue, as in the Tibet blue poppy, *M. horridula*. When purple they may be grey-purple—as in *M. quintuplinervia* from Kansu and Shensi, or violet-purple—as in *M. Henrici* from Szechuen. In *M. simplicifolia*, where the flowers are, normally, deep blue, we find a fixed strain with pale blue petals. In the deep blue *M. grandis* and in the pale blue *M. Wallichii*

there are more or less fixed strains with dull claret-coloured petals. But in 25 per cent. of the mountain poppies, the production of flowers that vary indiscriminately from blue or purple to pink or red is the rule; even in species that normally adhere to some definite shade, we encounter the same transformation in individual plants. Under cultivated conditions this casual change of colour is more frequent than under natural conditions: one of the disappointments of the *Meconopsis*



THE NODDING YELLOW HEADS OF *MECONOPSIS INTEGRIFOLIA*.



enthusiast is the liability of mountain poppies, whose flowers should be blue, to have pink, dull red or dingy claret petals.

Gardener and botanist alike find it convenient to assemble these mountain poppies in natural groups as a preliminary to any attempt to identify the individual forms. Among those with smooth hairs, the group most easily recognised is the *Aculeatæ*, named from *M. aculeata*, where the hairs are converted into sharp prickles. The species with smooth but not pungent hairs may be aggregated into two additional groups. In the *Primulinæ*, named from *M. primulina*, the hairs are usually abundant and are often stiff without being sharp; the entire leaves are narrower beyond than at the middle. In the *Bellæ*, named from *M. bella*, the hairs are usually scanty and always soft; the leaves are usually much lobed; when entire or only lobulate they are usually wider beyond than below the middle.

Natural groups are just as easily recognised among the species with barbellate hairs. Thus the *Torquatæ*, to which *M. discigera* belongs, stand apart in having a disc at the base of the style. The *Robustæ*, named from *M. robusta*, retain their crown of green leaves during the winter between the season of sowing and that of flower. The *Chelidonifoliæ*, named after *M. chelidonifolia*, differ from the other species with barbellate hairs by their lobate leaves and their slender branching stems. The *Grandes*, named from *M. grandis*, have central scapes that are either simple and monanthous, or, when they bear several flowers, have an inflorescence resembling an umbel, not a raceme.

The most familiar group with smooth hairs is the *Aculeatæ*, whose component forms are more satisfactorily distinguished by the gardener than the botanist, though the botanist is less confused than the gardener as to form from which the group takes its name. The *M. aculeata* is not confined to Kashmir; it extends along the outer Himalayan Alps from Hazara to Kamaon. Nor is it the only blue poppy in Kashmir; fifteen years ago *M. latifolia*, which we figure, was introduced from Inner Kashmir. A finer plant, which sometimes reproduces itself spontaneously in gardens, *M. latifolia* is displacing *M. aculeata* in popular favour. When *M. latifolia* flowered first in England it was treated as a variety of the Sikkim *M. sinuata*, which differs in foliage from *M. aculeata* much as *M. latifolia* does. But when *M. latifolia* first ripened seed with us, it was found to differ from *M. sinuata* as regards its fruit just as *M. aculeata* does. There is no difficulty in separating *M. latifolia* from *M. aculeata*; the stigma in *M. latifolia* is always deep purple, in *M. aculeata* is always pale green.

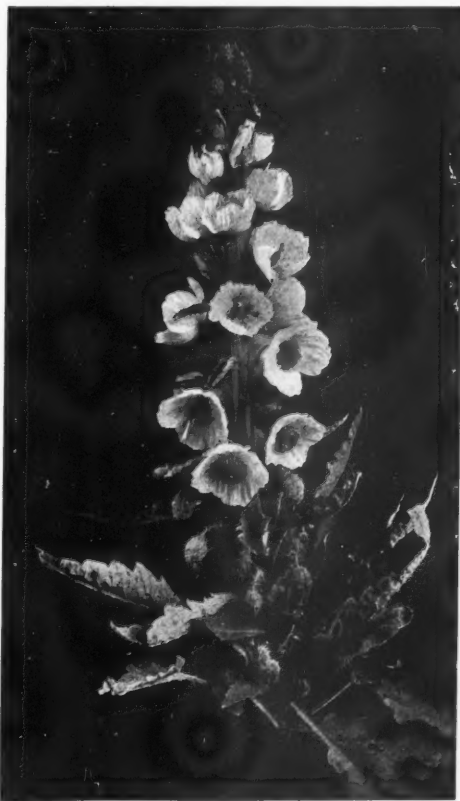
The flowers of *M. aculeata*, *M. latifolia* and *M. sinuata* differ from those of the other members of their group in having only four petals. The finest but most difficult to grow of the *Aculeatæ* with six or more petals is *M. speciosa*, which differs from the others with as many petals and agrees with *M. aculeata* in having deeply lobed leaves. Of those with entire leaves the Tibetan *M. horridula* in the wild state, though not in cultivation, differs from all other *Aculeatæ* in having normally simple one-flowered scapes; the South-western Chinese *M. rudis* stands alone in having purple-based prickles; the Western Chinese *M. Prattii* has pale buff instead of



MECONOPSIS SIMPLICIFOLIA OF VIOLET-PURPLE HUE.

regards their names. The name reached this country

the Szechuen *M. chelidonifolia* and the Hupeh *M. Oliveriana* are more than similar; they are



STATELY, BUT FULL OF PRICKLES, MECONOPSIS LATIFOLIA.

deep orange anthers like the rest. The name *M. racemosa*, familiar to the gardener, is sometimes given by him to *M. horridula*, in the form that species always assumes under cultivation; at other times is applied to the rather firmer form of *M. Prattii*, from Kansu, occasionally named *M. duriuscula*. The botanist is in doubt as to what the original *M. racemosa* may be and the name is one that the gardener should avoid.

The discrimination of the plants included in the *Primulinæ* and the *Bellæ* gives little trouble. In the *Primulinæ* the gardener finds a difficulty in separating the Kansu *M. lepida*, discovered by Mr. Farrer, from the Yunnan *M. eximia*, introduced by Mr. Forrest. The two differ little as regards leaves, petals and stamens; as regards fruit they differ even more than *M. sinuata* and *M. latifolia* do. In the *Bellæ* the botanist finds it difficult at times to separate *M. concinna* from *M. venusta*; the gardener can do so at a glance because one has grey, the other has orange yellow anthers.

Among the groups of species with rough hairs the *Torquatæ* alone have thyrsoid many-flowered scapes. When *M. discigera* was first found the botanist believed it had yellow petals; now that the plant has flowered in this country the gardener knows this belief was erroneous. The *Robustæ*, grown in our gardens for the past seventy years, differ from all the other groups in having a paniculate inflorescence. During their first season *M. Wallichii* and *M. paniculata* resemble each other so closely that even the gardener is at times unwilling to say positively which is which. When, in their second year, the plants flower and fruit, they are easily distinguished by the colour of their petals and the structure of their seed vessels. But in the *Chelidonifoliæ* the gardener may meet again the difficulty which he encounters in the *Primulinæ*. In habit, leaves and petals the former is so unlike that of the latter as to raise a doubt whether the two plants may not belong to different genera. The rough-haired group known as the *Grandes* is as popular, and as troublesome, as the *Aculeatæ* in the section with smooth hairs. The member of this group that has been known longest is the monocarpic *M. simplicifolia*, here figured. In Southern Tibet and in the Himalaya from Central Nepal to Chumbi the flowers of this species are deep blue, but a fine strain with pale blue petals has recently been introduced from the ranges east of Bhutan. The scapes of *M. simplicifolia* are simple and monanthous as they are in the monocarpic *M. punicea* with bright red petals and in the polycarpic *M. quintuplinervia* with grey-purple flowers. These two Chinese species however, have sessile star-shaped stigmas, and so differ from *M. simplicifolia* in which the stigma is at the apex of a distinct style. The remaining members of the *Grandes* have a stouter central scape which usually bears an irregular whorl of bracts in whose axils are developed a number of flowers which give the inflorescence the appearance of an umbel. Of the species with more flowers than one to the scape is the Sikkim *M. grandis*, which has a distinct style and flowers that may either be deep blue or vinous-purple. The remaining forms with umbellate scapes are all Chinese and all have yellow petals. The longest known of these forms, *M. integrifolia*, has a sessile radiating stigma like *M. punicea* and *M. quintuplinervia*. But in another, *M. pseudo-integrifolia* from South-eastern



Tibet, the stigma is at the apex of a distinct style as in *M. grandis* and *M. simplicifolia*. Recently, Messrs. Forrester and Kingdon & Ward have introduced from Yunnan a third form with yellow flowers, which has a short but distinct style with a small flattened stigma. Already this last form has in gardens received the provisional name *M. brevistyla*, which, however, has not been published and cannot well be used until we have the assurance that this plant has not already been described under some other name. The existence in the *Grandes* of three forms that agree in leaves and scapes and petals but differ markedly in fruit renders more acute the questions to which the cases of *M. lepida* and *M. eximia* or *M. chelidoniifolia* and *M. Oliveriana* give rise. The practical instinct of the gardener induces him to take facts as he finds them; the scientific instinct of the botanist leads him to ask whether we have here to deal with varieties or geographical forms rather than species. To enter the field of conjecture is an idle occupation; these questions can only be answered as the result of that philosophical study adumbrated by Linnaeus in the middle of the eighteenth century and undertaken by Mendel a hundred years later. The difficulty in this case is the reluctance of many of these mountain poppies to ripen their seed freely under our cultural conditions. The *Grandes* have another interest for gardeners; they have

afforded the only opportunity so far recorded of a successful attempt at hybridisation: in the Irish garden of Mr. R. H. Beamish a cross was effected between *M. integrifolia* and *M. grandis*. The hybrid inherited the foliage of the former and the partial emancipation from the biennial habit of the latter. The petals were yellow with a faint flush of red. The androecium was exactly that of *M. grandis*; the pistil, and eventually the fruit, that of *M. integrifolia*.

Though this is the only cross so far deliberately produced, another case of crossing is known to have occurred spontaneously. The parents in this instance were *M. latifolia* and *M. Wallichii*, and the progeny combined the foliage of the former with the inflorescence of the latter, though most of the flowers were white, only a few of the plants produced blue flowers. Only the leaves of the crown had prickles; those of the stem had soft hairs. By one of the accidents that beset gardening practice the seed from which this plant was raised at Greenwich was believed to have been collected in the Himalaya, and the hybrid, which had really appeared in a garden in this country, was described from the Greenwich plants as a species, *M. decora*. By a curious chance we know that in this case *M. latifolia* must have been the seed-bearing parent; in that of the cross deliberately produced the record is uncertain.

## MR. DRINKWATER AS A PORTRAIT PAINTER

**M**R. JOHN DRINKWATER, in three, at least, of the plays which have made his name well known, has followed a formula of his own discovery. A whole new thing under the sun is more than any of us expect, a new facet cut in the jewel of art is something to be thankful for. The three plays, *Lincoln*, *Cromwell* and *Robert E. Lee*, are life-size portraits of three great men and, even at that, they are portraits which aim at showing not the unimportant detail of externals, not even the contradictions, like ripples on its surface, but the deep, strong-flowing stream of character which made each what he was.

Fortunately or unfortunately, I have read *Robert E. Lee* only after seeing it acted; and so, besides considering the play as a play, I have had, inevitably, to remember all the while the way in which such and such an actor spoke such and such a speech, besides deciding what Mr. Drinkwater's purpose was here or there to decide how well or ill the representation given at the Regent Theatre has achieved it. On the whole, I think that I am fortunately placed, for Mr. Drinkwater is, above all things, a reticent dramatist. Almost invariably his characters say what imagination agrees that they certainly would have said in their circumstances, and little more. To read *Robert E. Lee* is to be struck by its austerity. There are no flowers of speech, no fine writing, no magnificent reflections on things in general, even where it might not have been out of the picture to have placed them. Take, for instance, the scene when Jefferson Davis and Lee hear that Stonewall Jackson is dead. Here was an opportunity to put fine sentiments, quotable sentences, into Lee's mouth. He has lost the man who is not only his right hand and his friend, but a hero, an inspiration and an idol of the army, and Lee says simply, "He is dead." I think that Lee would have. It is not, perhaps, the way to write a play for the reader, but, after all, the main purpose of a play is that it should be acted, and there the quiet voice, the restraint of the simple phrase were Lee.

In "*Lincoln*," the two Chroniclers, besides creating a setting or frame—a remove, as it were, between the audience and the play—gave the poet scope for beauty of thought, beauty of word, of coloured phrase. *Robert E. Lee* is stripped even of this embellishment. If there is beauty in it, it is beauty of character, and the reader must discover it for himself; it is seldom stressed to attract his notice or tricked out with fine language to make it impressive. If there is in it that comment on life as a whole which makes literature great, it is presented as the comment Lee and his men must inevitably have made on the affairs of their own day. It is for the reader to find for himself the analogy between the particular and the general—for instance, between the thoughts of the men who fought for the North and South in 1861 and the men who marched away in 1914, or any other men who ever went to war. All this is to say that Mr. Drinkwater, besides arriving at a formula of his own for play-writing, has also carried it out entirely without consideration for the feelings of a public which is supposed to like everything made very plain and clear for its understanding.

Certainly *Robert E. Lee*, as acted, is a beautiful and moving portrait of one of the greatest gentlemen the Anglo-Saxon race has produced, life-like and life-size, and to read it is to realise how well the very simplicity with which Lee's part is

written helps to make its effect. One critic, commenting on the first night of the play, referred to Lee's speeches as written in fine "Lapidary prose" and singled out his last order to the troops as a particular example. Now, that speech, as it happens, is not Mr. Drinkwater's affair at all, but transcribed, as it very properly should be, from the actual order in which Lee bade farewell to his men. That Lee's part throughout should be so accurately toned to Lee's own recorded words is a fine tribute to the fidelity of the portrait.

Mr. Drinkwater's choice of minor characters, the four young men in particular, seems to be excellently made. They are all four different, all strongly marked without eccentricity: all in the course of the four years which the play's action covers undergo a change not merely in externals. Their office is to express the deep devotion of the South to Lee, without which no portrait of him could be complete, a devotion which failure could not dim, nor surrender, nor the bitter aftermath of war—a devotion which is still a living thing in many and many a family of the South.

In minor matters I could quarrel with Mr. Drinkwater. Why, for instance, does he let David Peel, the young man who is for ever shooting and never misses, prophesy the exact length of the war as truly as Lee himself? Kitchener, who did something of the sort, was a great soldier and had access to knowledge of which even the best informed man in the street was ignorant, and the same applies to Lee. But Peel is a young man, inexperienced, no soldier, and, over and above all that, to repeat the effect of such a prophecy was to throw away its dramatic value. Then, again, when Warrenner, the aristocrat of the four, is injured and dreams of dead Stonewall Jackson talking with General "Jeb" Stuart, he warns Lee, reasoning from his dream. "That was a funny dream I had—it was old Jeb—you must look after him, Sir." Very soon, of course, we hear that Stuart is dead, and I must say that I expected it. Mr. Drinkwater, whose frugal and lovely use of language, whose insistence on a beautiful austerity in the plan of his plays, are so marked, should be above the necessity of getting a momentary dramatic effect by such a device as this. But if he never raised us to such heights of beauty and nobility and clear-seeing such little flaws would not be worth a moment's irritation. S.

**The Fascist Movement in Italian Life**, by Dott. Pietro Gorgolini, preface by S. E. Benito Mussolini, translated and edited by M. D. Petre. (T. Fisher Unwin, 10s.)

THE recent crisis centring round Mussolini's electoral reforms renders this—the best book on Fascism that has yet appeared in England—of considerable value. Written by an ardent Fascist, who is also a journalist, it does not pretend to give a dispassionate or critical account of the movement; but by embodying the impetuosity and cocksureness of the Fascists in its rhetorical pages it gives a vivid insight into this "spiritual movement which has become a party." For, as Mr. Petre points out in his admirable introduction, of which we wish there was more—even at the expense of some of the frothy ebullitions that follow it—Fascism is no "Middle-class league"—a merely energetic reaction against Communism and Socialism—but rather a reaction against "theoreticalism." Fascism is, in fact, a sane and patriotic socialism; the prosperity and efficiency of workers—corduroyed or black-coated, manual or mental—is the ultimate object of its efforts; but it denies the equality of man, regarding the *bourgeoisie* as being as essential to the business of life as the *contadini*. Unfortunately, this book was written before the *coup d'état* of last November; all the same, it shows the policy then

carried through, and the policy being fought for at this moment. A typically Italian wave of enthusiasm set up Mussolini as a virtual dictator, with a coalition in the Chamber, and has now tended to subside, leaving him as the only man who can govern Italy, whom it would be an incalculable disaster to lose, and yet in a heavy minority in the Chamber. A good study of Mussolini himself is contained in this book, which also brings home the bitterness approaching hate felt in Italy against England as represented by the late government, who, they feel, cheated them out of their rightful earnings in the war. But Fascisti, like other young men and movements, are as yet much too busy reviling others to turn a critical glance on themselves.

**The Diary of Nelly Ptashkina.** (Cape, 7s. 6d.)

THE diary of a young girl, written during a war and a revolution, and closed by her sudden death when she is just seventeen, has a certain tragic interest altogether unconnected with literature. That is why the reader begins by instinctively adopting towards this book the resigned attitude of a person who is being "got at"—the attitude, so to speak, of one who buys paper roses, not because they are like real roses or because he admires paper ones, but because they have been made by a cripple or an orphan. Here, however, is really one of those rare cases in which we are not being got at; Nelly Ptashkina's diary is well worth reading for its own sake, for its interest and charm and, above all, for that quality so unusual in adolescence, clear-sighted sincerity. For instance, at the end of a page or so, we are saying to ourselves protestingly, "Oh, but this is simply Marie Bashkirtseff!"—only to find at the end of twenty-five pages that Nelly herself frankly acknowledges the Bashkirtseff influence—and only to admit a little later still that the diary is, after all, not Marie but Nelly. Talent, literary promise; these are things too elusive to be described, but not too elusive to be felt; and they are in this diary. It is a passionate poet-child who writes, out of a nature sweet and turbulent and clear as a hill stream. She is so young that she can cry over whether she is to be in the fifth or the sixth form at school, so young that she can commit herself freshly and seriously to such a jaded phrase as "living my own life." And at the same time she is mature with the curious double maturity of the distinguished mind in the making, and that uncanny, piteous wisdom so often vouchsafed to those who are about to die young. She analyses, for instance, her reason for writing a diary: "Youth does not know how to concentrate, and, on the other hand, does not want to confide in others. Hence the diary. The old work out everything in themselves." That—at fifteen! And at sixteen she can see as clearly, describe as frankly as this her conviction of intellectual superiority: "It is not nice! I am a conceited prig. But it is true all the same." And what has sixteen, normal sixteen, to do with such insight (for she has, of course, no knowledge) as this? "Love must, and can only be, an appendix to life, it certainly must not form its substance. Pitiful are those for whom that is the case." It is with tenderness, even with reverence that we close this lovely diary; for what we have held in our hands for a little space is less a diary than a girl's soul, innocent, ardent, sensitive, strong and illumined by a talent too immature to be measurable, but beyond question great. V. H. F.

**Inland Birds: Northern Observations by a Sportsman,** by H. Mortimer Batten, F.Z.S. (Hutchinson, 12s. 6d. net.)

MR. BATTEN follows his excellent monograph on the badger by some fresh and happy observations on the bird life of the North of England and Scotland, though all his readers will wish that he had not capped his book by so shabby a title. The material collected is remarkably copious, and points the truth that you can never have too many books on birds written by first-hand field naturalists, since their novelty is never exhausted. Mr. Batten happens, in addition, to be a very capable writer, masculine, but with more than a touch of poetic insight, and though he has his foibles and delivers them with more than a touch of mettlesome resolution, that is part and parcel of his individuality. *Inland Birds* is a book in which knowledge and character make a match of it. We might as well get the foible portion over first, at least, by raising our eyebrows over one pet theory of the author's, which he exhibits all nicely dressed up in ribbons more than once. It is that "the home range of a bird or beast is no larger than necessity demands," so that a bird which found its food within reach of its beak "would seldom desert its favourite perch." Hence the ideal existence of a bird is a well nourished captivity, and it is only its restlessness in the mating season that makes us think otherwise. We need not labour our disagreement. Anybody who has watched birds in their natural environment or has read Mr. Batten's close records of their behaviour will rate their power of enjoyment, their pleasure in exercising their freedom and natural faculties at so high a percentage that Mr. Batten's shares in this respect will sink uncomfortably near zero. The stories that crop out of the book are extraordinarily good. There is one of a maimed rook driven out of the rookery which was joined by a mate in spite of the manifest attempts of her people to dissuade her. Another out of many is of a hen peregrine who returned to her eggs after being shot by a keeper and was found sitting on them some days later stone dead. The distinction of the story is, as Mr. Batten says, not so much in the devotion of the hen as in the fidelity of the tercel remaining with her long after she was dead and so, as came about, suffering the same fate. Mr. Batten's impressions of the hawks and falcons are not the least valuable feature of his book, particularly those of the peregrine, and merlin, and buzzard, whose powers he describes with great zest and skill. What a pity it is that the gamekeeper will so rarely heed the conclusions of trained naturalists, for then we should not have to deplore the approaching extinction from Britain of the beautiful little blue raptor of our moorlands. What has always struck the present writer in his experience of gamekeepers is their strange ignorance of the habits of the creatures with whom they come into contact. Mr. Batten's observations only confirm that impression, and it in no way surprised us when he relates how the curlew is sometimes suspected of being an egg pilferer. It is queer how the æsthetic argument in favour of the preservation of certain species often turns out to correspond with the practical one. They go well together in Mr. Batten's packed volume. H. J. MASSINGHAM.

(Other reviews of recent books will be found on page lxvi.)

## LAWN TENNIS: SINGLES AND DOUBLES

### I.—LENGTH.

THERE is one glory of the sun and another glory of the moon. The Doubles Championships were won this year by a pair of whom neither did exceptionally well in the Singles. That Mr. Johnston—Singles Champion from the outset—was not one of the winning pair may be explained by his not having entered for the Doubles. But when he was in England last—as Singles Champion of America—he did compete; and for partner he had no less a person than Mr. Tilden. But these two lions failed to roar in concert and they did not win. They were beaten by Mr. Williams and Mr. Garland, the reserves of their own Davis Cup team. Moreover, in the Davis Cup Doubles of that year they were taken to the fifth set by Mr. Parke and Major Kingscote of the British Isles.

Disinclination to risk the loss of the Singles by incurring fatigue may have been one reason that Mr. Johnston did not compete this year in the Doubles. But, for a scientific and concentrated American, there may have been a further objection to playing the two games alternately for a fortnight. The master stroke of one game is not that of the other. Mr. Johnston has so many excellencies that to pick out his hard drive and say he won on that is instantly to call up a game against Mr. Norton—one of the strongest of his opponents—in which he won points with a backhand angled volley, a low-travelling lob, and a short cut drive across the court. But one got the impression that he could have won on the hard drive alone, plus the final volley that is really part of it—that he could have won if he could have been confined to that drive and to such volleys that any player who enters for a championship would reckon to make.

Now, what is the chief virtue of that drive? It usually pitches in court, but we may leave that out of account because players whose favourite strokes do not usually pitch in court do not go far in championships. Well, then, its pace. It is impossible for the ordinary player who is watching Mr. Johnston drive to think without effort of anything but the pace at which the ball travels. "That's the stuff to give them," he says to himself; "if I could only hit at half that pace I would win a point with every ball." And so, perhaps, he would in the

class of lawn tennis in which he plays. But he would not win it in the class in which Mr. Johnston plays. In that class the hard hit is not difficult in itself; if the striker is in position and is a bit of a driver himself he rather likes a fast drive, just as some first class batsmen welcome the fast bowler who is a terror in minor matches. (In the reminiscences recently published by Mr. Sewell there is a most comical story of the Jam Sahib "nursing" Mr. Brearley and rationing himself to a four every two overs, lest Mr. Brearley should be taken off.) The hard hit makes the pace of the return. In itself, the pace of Mr. Johnston's hitting did not worry Mr. Norton in the least. When the ball was within easy reach he returned it with a jolly, confident swing and at a pace which we should have called fast against any other opponent. What did worry him was the pace plus the direction; he was always on the run. *Ergo*, it may be a good thing to hit hard in a single, but it is a better thing to hit hard and away from the other man; but to hit away means, as a rule, hitting to the side of the court. But if you hit hard the ball will carry some distance across the net; this means—on the narrow single court—that the ball must shave the tape if it is to pitch in the forecourt. Mr. Johnston seldom asks himself for a stroke so difficult; he obtains the same result by driving deep; he is not required to shave the tape, because he allows himself the maximum length of the court. "Unto him that hath"—using the maximum length he can use the maximum breadth. The pace of his drive tells against people as sure in their stroke as Mr. Norton because the ball is as likely to pitch in one corner of the base line as in the other; they are kept constantly on the run, and even when Mr. Johnston's stroke is in some aspects defensive the ball pitches so deep that it is dangerous to run in on the return. When he did have to play a long rally—which was not very often—it was noticeable that ball after ball pitched within four feet of the base line. The game of the Lady Champion, Mlle. Lenglen, could have been taken to illustrate the same point. Champions in singles hit, normally, to within a few feet of the base line—that is, they hit well above the tape and rather up and down the court than sharply across it. How does this stroke fare in a double? E. E. M.

(To be continued.)





SIR JOHN FLEMING LEICESTER, BT., created in 1826 Baron de Tabley, was, as the *Examiner* affirmed during 1818, "one of the first, if not the first, to foster the early genius of England in the fine arts." His name, the writer continued, would ever reverberate in the hearts of genuine lovers of art as that of the first individual who had appropriated a noble gallery exclusively in its honour, and opened it for a time to the community of taste. Benjamin West frequently said the same, as did, in fact all who had to do with academic art in the early nineteenth century. In the previous year James Northcote, the painter whom Reynolds had allowed, as a runaway boy, to work in his studio, and whose conversation furnished Hazlitt with material for an entire book, expressed the general opinion to Sir John himself:

The whole body of British Artists are obliged to you as being the first person of consequence and taste who saw the merits of British Art and forwarded the endeavours of the professors when they were struggling against vulgar prejudice. The Committee in Pall Mall can only be considered as followers of your example, but with this great difference: that you patronized the Artists with your private fortune. They do it with the money which they gain from the public exhibitions they so frequently make. You act like a Nobleman, they like merchants. You employ artists of approved merit, they only wonderful children who turn out worth nothing at the last.

The British Institution, which is here scathingly referred to, had been founded in 1805, and in that year took over the Shakespeare Gallery in Pall Mall, which had formerly contained the works contributed to Alderman Boydell's Shakespeare, which were dispersed by lottery in 1804. In its way it corre-

sponded with, say, the New English Art Club to-day, for a great number of young artists exhibited with it who subsequently became famous. Sir John Leicester had been one of the first subscribers, together with a number of peers and such men as Sir George Beaumont, Sir Richard Colt Hoare, J. J. Angerstein, Henry and Thomas Hope and Thomas Bernard, which latter was the moving spirit. He never was elected to the committee, however, and does not seem to have bought any of the pictures exhibited. From Northcote's letter he would appear to have disapproved of the Institution's subsequent practice of exhibiting the works of its own students in preference to those of "approved artists." One member of the Institution, though, was of some service to Leicester, and he was Thomas Hope, who in 1810 had stimulated a new vogue in furniture with designs for his house of Deepdene, from which much of the furniture in the picture gallery at Tabley (Fig. 3) is derived. In this gallery and in the drawing-room are assembled the remnant of the collection which Sir John formed at his house, No. 24, Hill Street, and which for the most part was sold by Christie's on the spot in 1827. There are, however, a number which do not appear in the full account of the gallery written by Carey, the picture dealer, in 1819, on Sir R. C. Hoare's recommendation, nor in John Young's catalogue of 1825, and were, presumably, acquired between those dates. The aspect of the Tabley gallery, though it cannot compare with the pictorial richness of Hill Street, is a complete survival of Regency

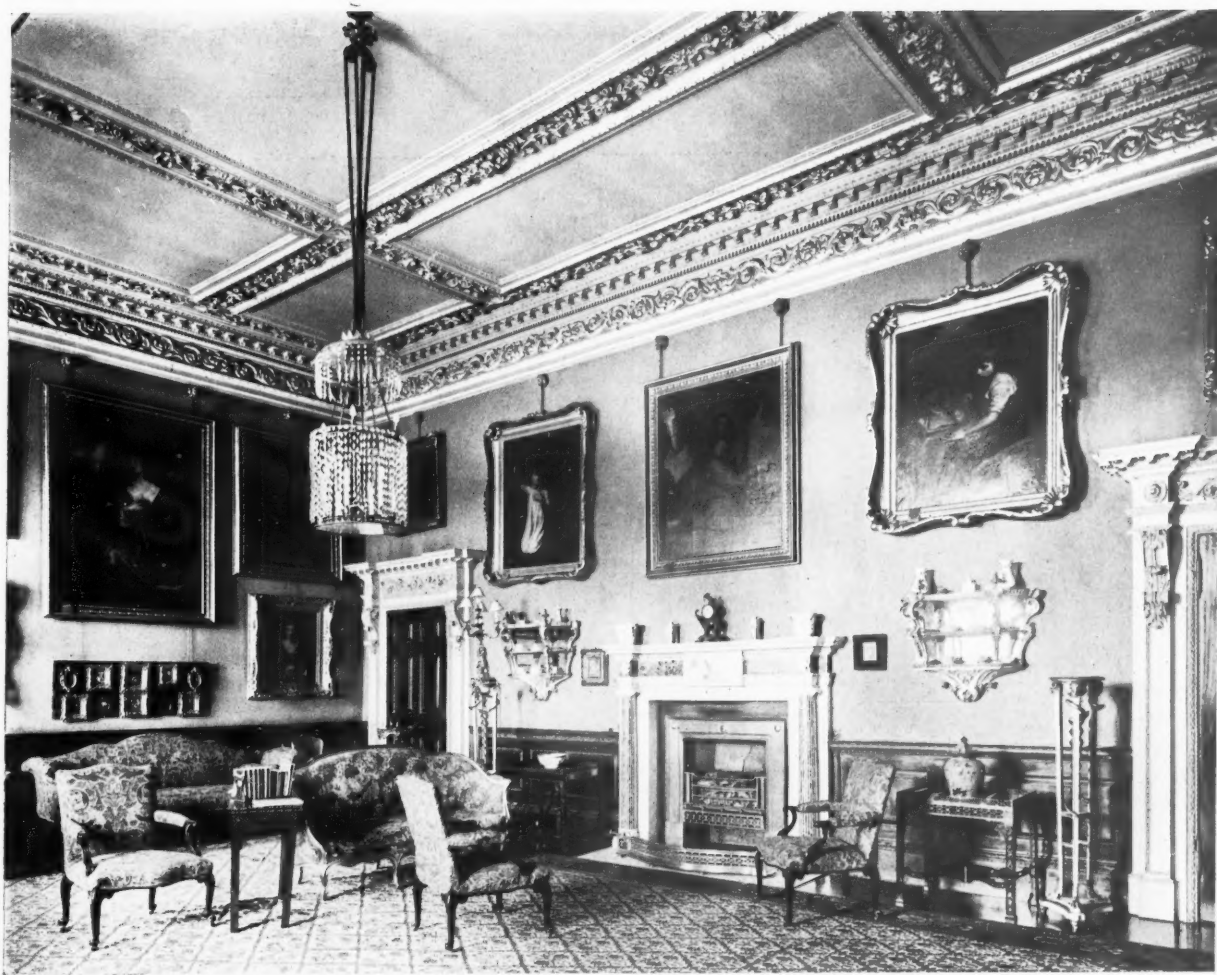


Copyright

1—THE PORTICO OF RUNCORN STONE.

"COUNTRY LIFE."





Copyright.

2.—THE DRAWING-ROOM.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



3.—THE PICTURE GALLERY CONSTRUCTED DURING THE REGENCY, CONTAINING PICTURES BY MOST OF THE EARLY NINETEENTH CENTURY ARTISTS.



4.—HEAD OF A BACCHANTE (EMMA). ROMNEY.



5.—EMMA AS A BACCHANTE. ROMNEY.

taste, for nothing has been altered from the time of its construction to the present day; and though the finest pictures are scattered, a number remain with a quantity of letters to Sir John, who was an amateur water colourist, from the artists whom he befriended.

One of the outstanding canvases at Hill Street was Hoppner's "Sleeping Nymph," exhibited in 1806—one of Hoppner's rare adventures from portraiture, for which the model was Emily St. Claire. It showed a nude woman lying full length, her arms crossed behind her head, while above her hovered a winged boy. Several letters passed between patron and artist concerning it. First:

Leicester to Hoppner.

Sir John wishes to say a few words relative to the Venus, which he extremely admires, and should much like to possess if Mr. Hoppner has no objection to make a few alterations.

To Sir John it is an insuperable objection to subjects of this kind to be overpowered with beauties, being satisfied that, after all, Imagination must have something left to make the thing complete, and for a length of time interesting; and that he would feel jealous of *Everybody* seeing *All* the charms of his Venus, even upon Canvass.

To meet this Idea, Mr. Hoppner will not perhaps object (after having shown the world what he can do) to throw a Veil over a part of the body. He is willing to pay 300 gns.

Hoppner to Leicester.

—Has banished the word Trouble from his painting vocabulary. Offers to make the veil—so long as it does not cover too much, even before the opening of the exhibition, as he should be unwilling to offend the Bishops by a display of beauty finally to be veiled.

Leicester to Hoppner.

It must be with Mr. Hoppner to do exactly what he feels about the Bishops. Though, as it is rarely they are supposed to see so much of a good thing, Sir John would be sorry to deprive them of the present gratification.

The next letter shows Hoppner in his most boisterous mood—and is valuable as throwing some light on that dim character, H. Thompson, R.A. Leicester possessed two of his pictures, including "Crossing the Brook"—the coloured engraving of which was presented with our issue for May 5th last. In 1801 he became an A.R.A., and R.A. in 1804. In 1818 he was given the post of keeper of the Academy, but in 1828 retired through failing health, the reasons of which this letter suggests:

Hoppner to Leicester.

Dear Sir John—I am just risen like the lark and will now begin to sing:

LINES FOR THE NYMPH.

As on her arm reclines the sleeping fair  
And with her breath the loitering gale perfumes,  
Love sees, or thinks he sees, his mother there,  
And nearer earth directs his glittering plumes;  
Hovers with fond delight around the bower,  
And swells the fragrance with a roseate shower.

He then complains of Sir John's "hyerglyphics—which employ my ingenuity whole nights together" and are sometimes given up in despair.

I fear this must have been the case with your letters for being a lover of music, *Notes* always come so sweetly o'er mine ears that had they been cognizable they would have pricked up incontinently and you would, as assuredly, have heard my bray in Cheshire.

My son has gone with Sir Samuel Hood to the Baltic. He had an offer of a berth in the Commander's cabin and gallantly, like the *reputed* son of me his father, accepted it.

This refers to Belgrave Hoppner, who in 1807 accompanied Lord Gambier's Expedition and made several sketches of naval engagements, one of which Leicester purchased. Hoppner then proceeds:

I see little of that wind-egg Thomson. I have lately been once to Vauxhall with him and have lost all character for virtue by being seen in his company. Rak punch and petticoats are more than his frail flesh can bear. [Thompson had been asked by Leicester to Tabley, where most of the artists repaired from time to time; so—] I will make it a matter of conscience to send a kind of pastoral letter to all the maidens within ten miles of Tabley warning them of Thomson's approach.

"The Venus," here called "The Nymph," was eventually bought by Lord Egremont for Petworth at 450 guineas. "Crossing the Brook" at the sale went to Watts Russell for 147 guineas;





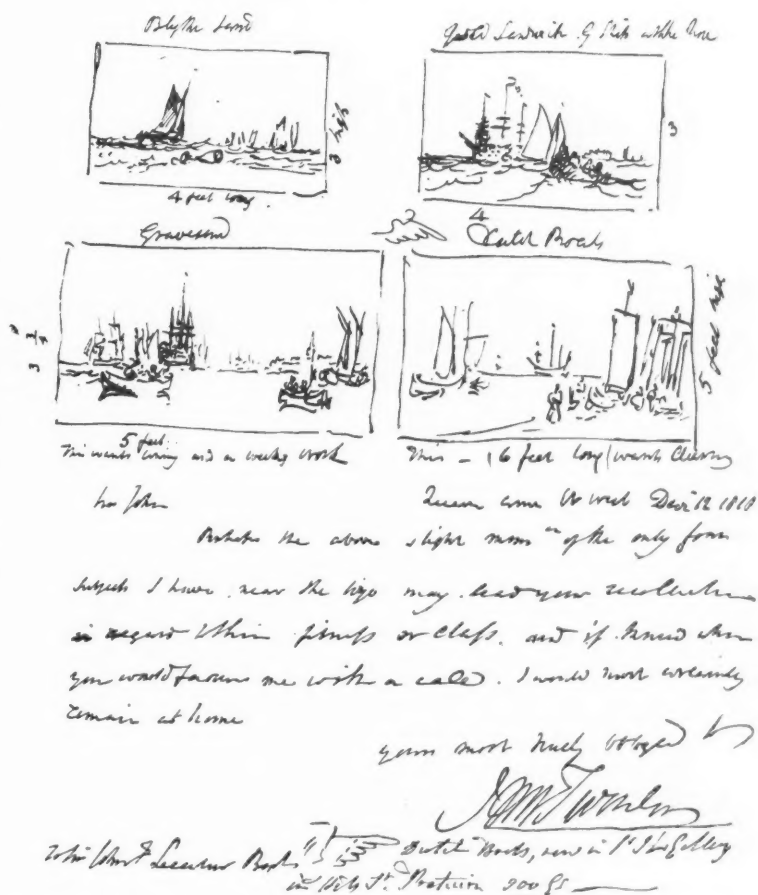
6.—TABLEY—A WINDY DAY. J. M. W. TURNER, 1809.

and in 1875 Agnew's gave 861 guineas for it, buying it back again three years later from John Heugh for £819. Another little Thompson, "The Dead Robin," was also sold in 1827. It must be noted in these extracts relating to H. Thompson that both Hoppner and Calcott spell him "Thomson," as it was also spelt in Macklin's print of "Crossing the Brook." J. R. Thomson, an obscure landscape painter, was also a friend of Leicester, but it seems far more probable that Hoppner would consort with one of his own standing; I have, therefore, taken the references as to H. Thompson.

The two Romneys at Tabley, of Lady Hamilton, had formerly a companion in "Titania, Puck and the Changeling," in which Lady Hamilton is painted reclining full length and which in 1897 came to rest in the National Gallery of Ireland. That, and the Emma as a Bacchante (Fig. 5) were purchased together at Romney's sale in 1807 for £120. The former, which was one of Romney's favourites, was probably painted with the other "Midsummer Night's Dream" pictures about 1793. This unfinished Bacchante—which, to my mind, is one of the most bewitching Emmas in existence—seems to be contemporary with the famous three-quarter length Bacchante of Emma in a pink dress, her hands clasped behind her, belonging to Mr. Tankerville Chamberlain. The expression and dress are both similar. This would date it about 1785, though Leicester did not acquire it till 1807. The Head of a Bacchante, however (Fig. 4), though most likely also painted in 1785, was bought directly by Leicester for 25 guineas, when he is said to have given it its title, Romney adding the vine leaves to justify it, since there is nothing particularly bacchanalian in the sweet pensive face.

Turner had at one time no fewer than six canvases at Hill Street, among them one, at least, of his most cherished—"The Sun Rising Through Vapour, Fishermen cleaning and Selling Fish," which in 1827 he bought back and eventually bequeathed to the nation, as

one of the two to hang in the National Gallery beside the two Claudes—as it does to this day. The circumstances



7.—LETTER FROM TURNER TO SIR J. F. LEICESTER (1818) DESCRIBING PICTURES HE HAS IN HIS STUDIO.



8.—A MAHOGANY TRAY TABLE.



9.—ANOTHER, MORE ELABORATELY CARVED.

surrounding the completion of this masterpiece are contained in two letters of Turner's, now first published.

First, however, we may enumerate his other canvases in the order of their acquisition by Leicester. As early as 1792 he gave 25 guineas for a water-colour drawing of a storm. In 1805 he acquired "The Shipwreck," then called "The Storm"—now in the National Gallery—which in 1807 he gave back to Turner in part payment (£250) for a great "Falls of the Rhine at Schaffhausen," exhibited at the Academy in the previous year and priced at 300 guineas. Mr. Chignell accounted for the exchange by saying that Lady Leicester, having lost a relative at sea, was oppressed by the picture, but Turner's receipt gives the date of the transaction, at which time Sir Francis was unmarried. The Tabley picture of the "Falls of the Rhine" was painted from the opposite side to the view which figures in the "Liber Studiorum"; it was not among those sold in 1827. In 1799 Leicester purchased the beautiful "Kilgarran Castle," sold in 1827 for £115, and in 1872 for £2,835 to Mr. Bischoffsheim. A similar picture, originally bought by Turner's friend Monro, recently belonged to Lord Armstrong. In January, 1808, "The Blacksmith's Forge" went to Hill Street, which was also bought back by Turner in 1827, and the following September it was followed by the picture of Pope's Villa. Probably in the same year Turner visited Tabley, for in 1809 he exhibited at the Academy two pictures of Tabley Pool itself, one a calm morning, the other (Fig. 6) a windy day, which still hangs in the drawing-room. The geography of the picture is quite correct, though the

house in reality is seen just to the left, instead of to the right, of the ornamental tower which either Sir John or his father had built on an artificial islet in the Pool. But, needless to say, those still waters are as innocent of such waves as of so gallant a fleet of vessels. Lord Egremont bought the "Calm Morning." This pair are more or less contemporary with the pair of Lowther Castle and a picture of Petworth (1810), Somerhill (1811) and Raby (1817). In 1809 Turner had an exhibition in his own gallery, and it is in reference to some of his pictures then shown that the Tabley letters, though written nine years later, are of such interest.

At the top of the first (Fig. 7) are four thumbnail sketches in ink, roughly shaded with pencil, of canvases, some of which had been lying in the studio ever since the exhibition, in various stages of completion. They are, starting from the top left-hand one in Turner's description: "Blythe Sands 4ft long, 3ft. high. Sandwich, Guardship at the Nore, 4ft. x 3ft. Gravesend, 5ft. x 3½ft. Dutch Boats 6ft. x 5ft." Bligh Sands, though painted in 1809, had not been exhibited till 1815; it is now in the Tate Gallery. Beneath that of Gravesend—which I have not been able to identify (it has changed its name)—Turner noted: "This wants lining (?) and a week's work"; and under the last: "This wants cleaning (?)." Then follows the letter, dated "Queen Anne St, West, Dec. 12, 1818":

Sir John.

Perhaps the above slight mem. of the only four subjects I have near the size may lead your recollections in regard to their fitness or class, and if knew when you would favour me with a call I would certainly remain at home. Yours etc.



10.—TABLEY CHAPEL PLATE—OFFERTORY BOX, FLAGON, CHALICE AND PATTEN MARKED FOR 1678, WITH CASE.



Sir John seems to have immediately preferred the Dutch boats, but wrote for a fuller description, which Turner gave him in a letter of December 16th, though, unfortunately, rather illegibly. It was, he said, of—

Dutch Boats and fish market—sun rising through vapour, but if you think [illegible] the morning breeze, or much better [illegible], do name it and believe me, etc.

Thus the picture which Turner considered worthy of representing him against Claude, as showing his mastery of painting suffused light, was nearly converted at the last moment into a fresh morning scene—if the second letter may be so interpreted. A similar alteration actually was carried out on the picture here called "Sandwich, Guardship at the Nore," if we may identify it with the "Guardship at the Nore" belonging to Mr. G. J. Gould at the time of his recent death, with which it exactly corresponds in size. For in this



11.—THE DOOR OF THE CHAPEL.

sketch a dark row-boat is seen in the right foreground, but in the Gould picture, which is otherwise exactly the same, a dark wave fills the same function in the composition, while the row-boat has shifted further to the left, where it is broadside on exactly beneath the other two ships, and a barge has come up on the right of the two distant boats, partly obscuring the coastline. In the 1809 exhibition, moreover, this picture had yet another title: "Fishermen hailing a Whitstable Hoy, Shoeburyness." This sketch seems to represent the Shoebury state, though the scene has shifted to Sandwich. Leicester originally bought it for £300, and, at his death, Turner recovered it for £490. These prices confirm the fact that Leicester paid a very fair price, which rose about 25 per cent. in the sale at his death. Two views of the Thames at Teddington completed Sir John's collection of Turners.

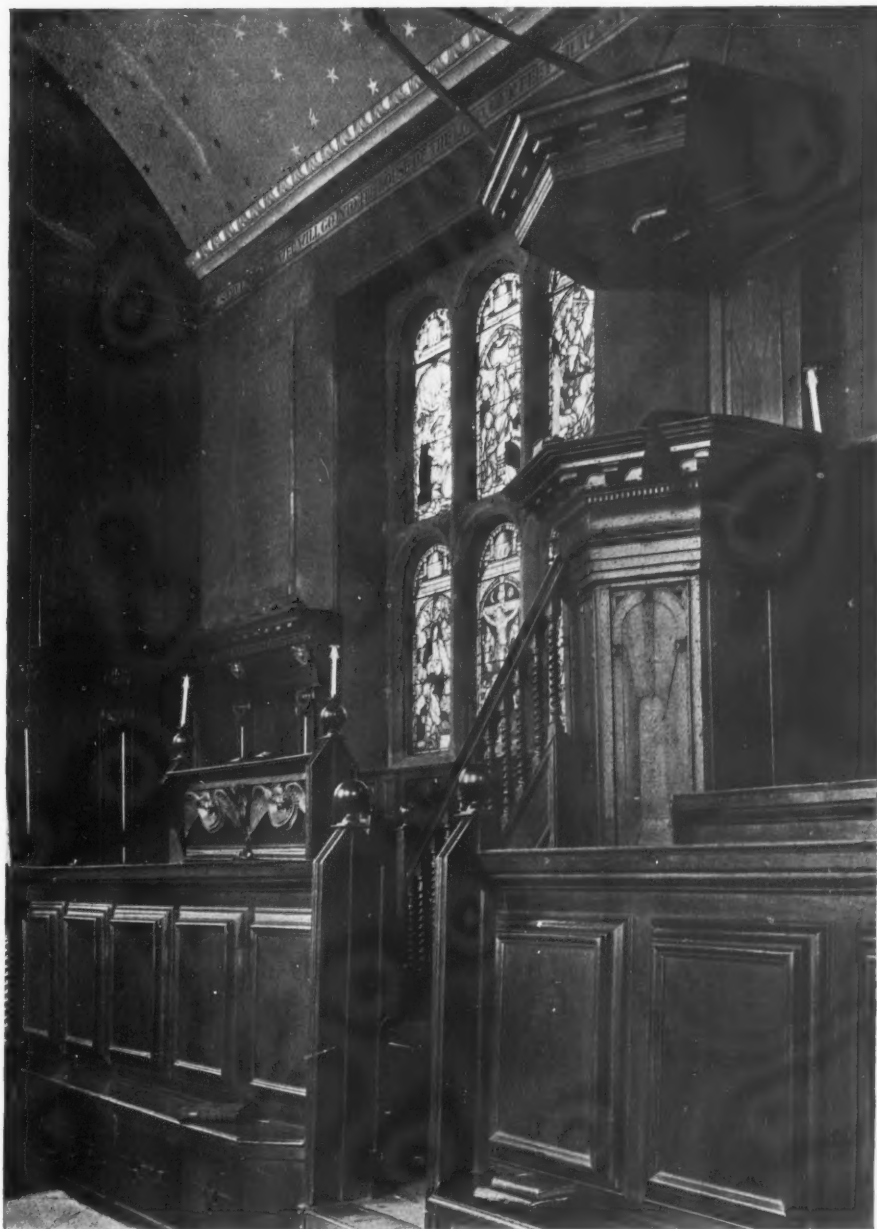
We have not space to give a full list of the Hill Street pictures,



Copyright.

12.—THE CHAPEL ON THE ISLAND—1674-77.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



Copyright

13.—THE PULPIT AND MINISTER'S DESK.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

which included Gainsborough's "Cottage Door," seven by Northcote, four by James Ward, three by Opie and Owen, two by West, and examples of Harlow, Hilton and Louthurburg. It is of interest, though, in connection with the recent sale of the Carysfort books at Sotheby's, to note that there was, as well as three finished works, "a design" by Sir Joshua for his "Snake in the Grass," sold at Hill Street in 1827, to be followed at Christie's in 1828 by the sale of one of that famous trio, then the property of that great connoisseur, Lord Carysfort. The interest was so intense that a picture was painted of the King Street galleries during the viewing of it by the rank and fashion of the day.

Sir Thomas Lawrence gave Sir John a lot of trouble. There are two pictures by him: a George IV and the "Lady Leicester as Hope"—seen at the end of the gallery in Fig. 3. This picture, one of Sir Thomas's few allegorical portraits, was exhibited at the Academy in 1814. In May, 1813, Sir Thomas had written: "I will to-morrow deviate from my usual method of painting to convey to you more of the character and expression than I generally give the second sitting." Later he announced he would be happy to give the Beauty that other eye that was wanting to make her perfect. Lady Leicester, married in 1810, was formerly a Miss Cottin, a famous beauty, and Lawrence affirmed it was one of the few pictures to which he had no objection that his name should be affixed. The Tabley picture of George IV—in uniform, with a thunderstorm behind—was, after much correspondence, completed in 1824. Sir John had a preference for his sovereign in robes; but Young, the cataloguer, who acted as Leicester's agent, found that Sir Thomas had instructions to paint military costume. "I presume," he added, "that there may be a point of etiquette in these things!"

C. R. Leslie, the painter, somewhere comments on the enormous amount of work Lawrence had to get through—owing to his accepting of too many commissions. "He began," he writes, "portraits of children which he did not finish till they were grown up, and of men and women with their hair of its first colour which lay incomplete in his rooms till the originals were gray." Leslie was the subject of a letter from Benjamin West, the President of the Academy, to Leicester in 1814. He had, he said, waited on Sir John to have the gratification of introducing the ingenious youth Mr. Leslie, who painted the picture of Saul before the Ghost of Samuel—of which the price would be 100 guineas; another of Ann Page and Slender, price 60 guineas, which Sir John subsequently bought. In 1808 West had mentioned that he worked from 8 a.m. to 12 midnight. This industry of the veteran President—who had done much with Reynolds to inaugurate the Academy, added to his long tenure of the post of Historical Painter to the King which he had received in 1772—aroused the envy of many artists, which came to a head in 1804, when he resigned the Presidency and, on the express wish of the King, James Wyatt, the architect, was elected in his room. Thus Northcote wrote in 1805:

I do not recollect more to say except about our late President, whom I view with some degree of pity. He resigned from apprehension that he should have lost on the election. His selfish and artful ways have lost him most of his friends, and also the king's favour, and the reason for placing an architect in the Chair is because no painter can bear the thought of raising his companion to a throne.

Which does not paint an agreeable picture of the Society of which our friend Farington has so much to say. The artfulness may refer to West's refusal of a knighthood on account of his being a Quaker, while he hinted that he would not refuse a baronetcy. However, West was re-elected in 1805 and remained President till his death in 1820.

In 1823 Northcote added a typical postscript to a letter to his patron, which has a strangely modern sound:

Our Exhibition at the R.A. is the worst I have seen for many years past. Turner has an outrageous landscape with all the colours of the rainbow in it. Lawrence has several, but gawdy, careless and unfinished, and Westall, Daniel and Stotard, three indifferent painters, have filled all the most conspicuous places with their own bad pictures which give a poor and miserable appearance to the whole show.

Turner's "outrageous landscape" was the famous "Bay of Baiae," now in the Tate Gallery.

Some of the most entertaining letters came from one Tijou, a frame-maker. In December, 1824, he refers to Turner's companion picture to Louthurburg's Sea Battle, "which, hung in one of the Levée rooms in the new apartments at St. James's, everybody joins in condemning as by far the wildest of his latter pictures."

There is rather an odd story told me by a Naval Officer in attendance on the Duke of Clarence, by whom it was told to him. When the picture was first placed in its situation, Turner was painting on it and the Duke came into the apartment to see it. He immediately began, as a sailor, to make his observations, which, not being agreeable, he says that Turner was rather rough in his replies. They went on for some

time and the Duke finished the conversation by saying: "I have been at sea the greater part of my life sir and you don't know who you are talking to, and I'll be damned if you know what you are talking about."

He went on to speak of Nash's great house which a few months ago disappeared from Waterloo Place:

I was ordered at the beginning of the year to make for Mr. Nash the architect a bishop's-half-length frame for the King's portrait by Sir Thomas to be placed in his gallery in Waterloo Place which is by far the most extraordinary and beautiful room in London—fitted with statues from the antique. It is amazing the enquiries that are made to see the Galleries, and the tricks they play for that purpose.

In 1805 a letter from A. W. Calcott gives a glimpse of an artist who is too much neglected, and several of whose landscapes still hang at Tabley. He accepts an invitation to stay in Cheshire, but adds:

if it is the practice of Cheshire to fatten us painters up as you have done Thomson, and send us home rivals of prize cattle, I am afraid I shall with the fisherman be tempted to think I am not myself. I last night experienced the mortification of losing my election to the vacant Associateship.

This was received, however, in 1806, and in 1837 he was knighted.

One of the finest pictures at Tabley is Opie's "Calling of Samuel," seen to the left of the chimneypiece in the drawing-room (Fig. 2). This room contains also Lely's picture of Lady Byron (on the left of Fig. 2), and her husband Lord Byron, the Cavalier general, by Dobson, above the fireplace and shown in our issue of July 14th. The decoration of the room is Carr of York's, and in the ceiling there is much excellent work of the York plasterers. Several fine tray tables of that period are among its furnishings (Figs. 8 and 9), one of which is most elaborate, and shows what excellent work could be produced at Chippendale's time by other craftsmen than himself, for his name never occurs in the accounts. The hanging lamp—of the kind called an "Egyptian" lamp—is of Sir John Leicester's time, as are the tripod candle-stands.

From the picture galleries and muniment room of Tabley, where you have been engaged for most of this article, we may take a stroll through the park to the island in the mere, half a mile away. So going, we leave behind us the home of the Lords de Tabley, patron of the arts and poet, and step back into the seventeenth century, when, as we recounted, Sir Peter, the Cavalier antiquary, refaced the Old Hall in 1671. At that time we postponed visiting the church; and now, having made an excursion through two centuries, we may return to the red brick building, where it lies reflected in the surrounding water.

When the repairs to the Old Hall were finished, Sir Peter, feeling himself to grow old, determined to build a chapel just before his front door. In 1674, therefore, work was begun. His ideas as to chapels had been largely formed by that at Brazenose, where he had been educated and which he revisited during the Civil Wars and probably after the Restoration. "Ephraim Brodhurst of Knotsford, joyner," we learn in a contemporary MS., also "took his pattern from Brasen-Nose college chapel in Oxford." But the exterior, with the exception of the tower, which was added in 1724, is pure Restoration Gothic, with Dutch curved gables surmounted by balls. In the break of the pediment of the door (Fig. 11) is a strange carved wood figure of St. Peter, which, apparently contemporary with the chapel, is yet very similar to English work of two centuries earlier. The pulpit (Fig. 13) was fashioned in 1677 by another carpenter, John Brodrick—Brodhurst, we are told, having died before the completion of the work. The treatment is most original, the line and form of the pulpit desk being exactly the same as that of the cornice of the wall panelling, of which latter the whole pulpit is, in fact, an application. The church plate, given by Sir Peter for the most part in 1678, the year of his death, consists of a golden chalice and paten, a silver-gilt flagon and a silver offertory box. The flagon, 11 ins. high and dated 1678, has the maker's mark T.C. under a cat and over a trefoil which is also found on a pair of tripod candlesticks at Brasenose of the previous year. Thus Sir Peter not only took his ideas as to chapel design from B.N.C., but also the name of a suitable silversmith. The chalice (5 ins. high) and paten (5½ ins. broad) are marked for 1678 with the same maker's mark; they preserve, moreover, their original crimson velvet case. The offertory box (4½ ins. high) is an unusual piece and has strap-work ornament reinforcing the lid.

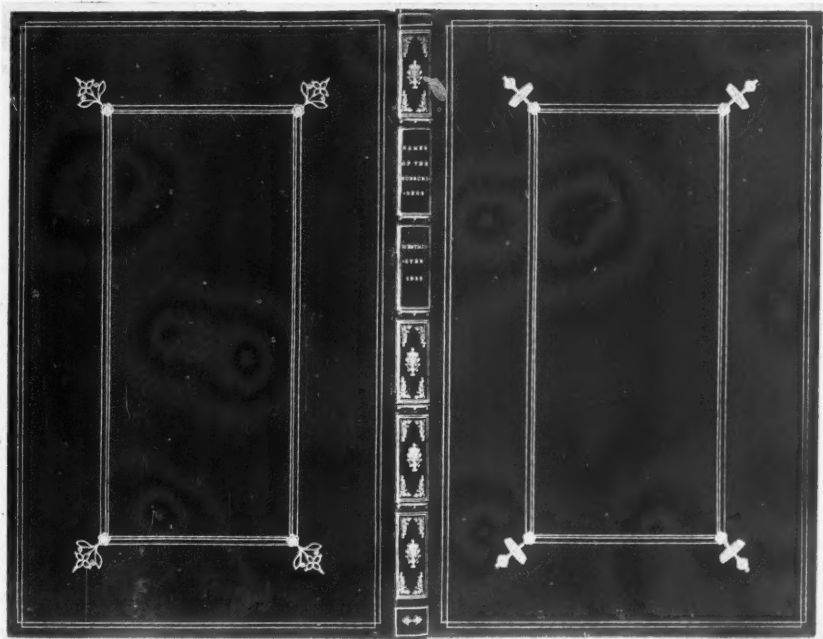
If we have deviated in these articles somewhat off our accustomed path, it is because of the unusually detailed records existing at Tabley and the three remarkable men who have lived there, none of whom had received the attention which was his due. In conclusion, I take the opportunity to thank Mr. and Mrs. Leicester Warren and Mrs. A. F. Sotheby for their kindness to me in putting their knowledge and the run of the Tabley manuscripts at my disposal.

CHRISTOPHER HUSSEY.



# MR. SPEAKER LOWTHER

**L**ORD ULLSWATER, after his long and eventful tenure of the Speaker's chair, had his picture painted for the Speaker's Lodge, for which a very large number of members subscribed. To be accurate, they subscribed a little too much. From Lord Ullswater's point of view the transaction was not particularly cheerful. The artist got the subscriptions, his successors got the picture and he merely the benefit of the painter's conversation added to the gratification of knowing that hundreds of men had desired, and subscribed to, the painting of the picture. For that, it can be argued, is the real importance, the moral value, of presentation portraits; they are less realistic imitations of the sitter than embodiments of the gratitude of the donors. From the sitter's point of view the important part of the picture is "Presented by — as a token of —." Thus there might almost as well be no picture at all.



DARK BLUE MOROCCO: EVERY TOUCH IN THE ORNAMENT IS DELICATE.

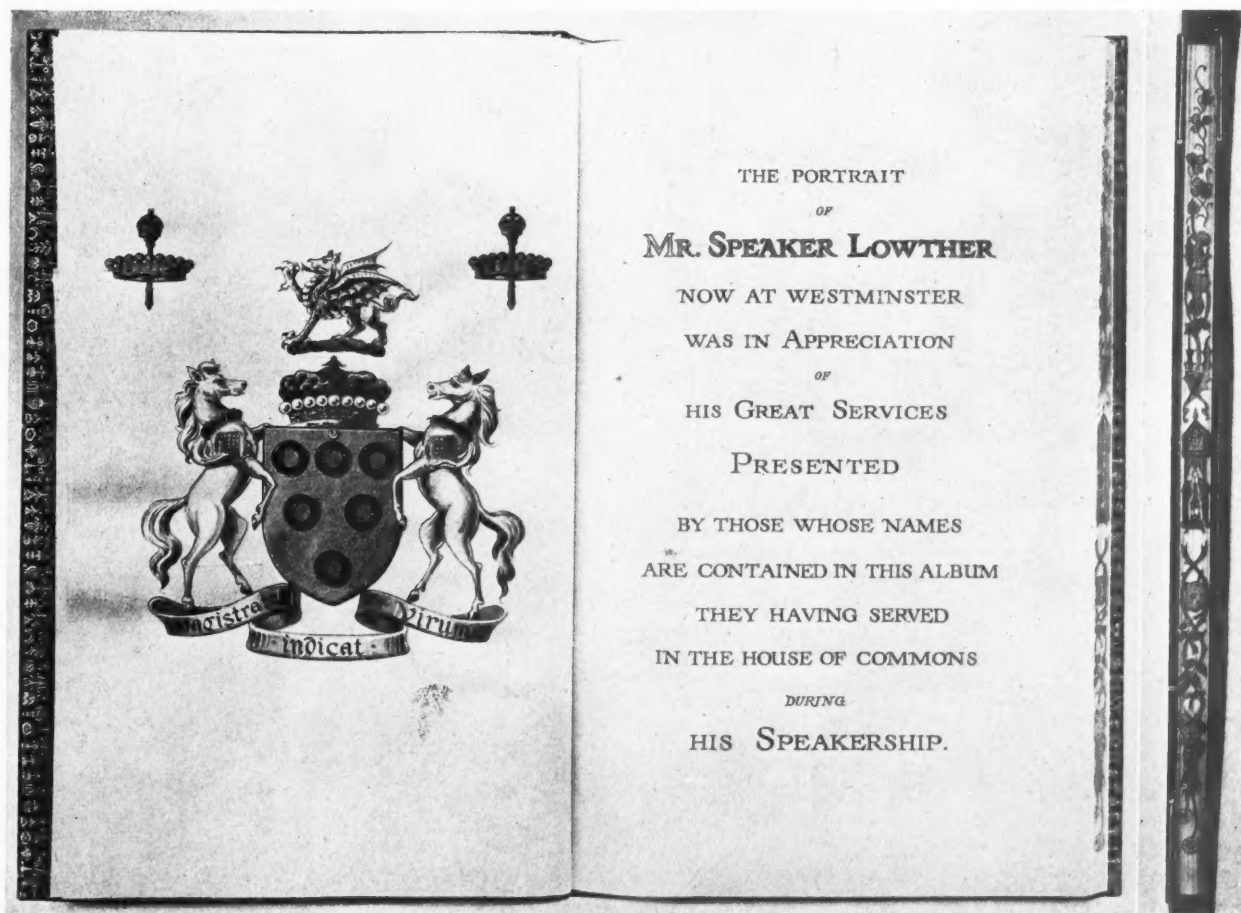
That is the situation with Lord Ullswater. Though he has not the picture, he has — what is far more valuable — the mark of the esteem that went to its making.

"Marks of esteem" generally take the form of illuminations in dark passages — with a number of cramped and illegible signatures beneath. In this case there were far too many signatures to fit into anything but an underground railway.

So it was determined to use the little sum left over from the portrait to make a book containing not the signatures (for they are anything but attractive things intrinsically), but the names themselves, fair engrossed on parchment, the whole to be bound as well as possible. For this purpose the matter was given into the experienced hands of Mr. Hodgson of Sotheby's.

The binders chosen were Messrs. Best and Co., who are a small company of ex-Service men, under the direction of Mr. Clement

TITLE PAGE AND ROLL. IN THE ARMS IS INCLUDED THE SPECIAL BADGE GRANTED TO LORD ULLSWATER.



THE ILLUMINATED EDGES ARE SHOWN IN THEIR RESPECTIVE POSITIONS.

Ingleby. These two gentlemen decided on a binding of dark blue (for Tory), with the ornaments suggested by those found on Samuel Mearne's bindings of Charles II's time. But nowhere was Mearne's book slavishly copied. As architects tend to go back to Wren, so bindings can well take Mearne as a basis.

On the front cover the badges granted to Lord Ullswater appear—the mace within the viscount's coronet—balanced on the back by one of Mearne's ornaments. The *doublures* are uncommonly treated with an inset of buff leather—the Lowther colours and also that of the Whigs, indicating his impartiality—while the roll on the inside edges is a particularly varied and charming one, also based on Mearne. The lettering,

copied from Jarry's seventeenth century script, is excellent, but most interesting is the treatment of the page edges, painted by Miss Penrose Thackwell in the manner found in England during the later seventeenth century and on the Continent earlier. The fore-edge shows Mr. Speaker presiding over the four countries—represented by their flowers; the top and bottom edges have more lively incidents—Mr. Speaker (clad in a green dressing-gown), robing himself amid hurrying valets; and "Make way for Mr. Speaker"—an incident recorded in Mr. Dasent's book.

All who were engaged on the production of the book deserve every praise for a thoroughly good, unostentatious piece of work, worthy its contents and the best traditions of English bookbinding.

## THE IMPRESSIONISTS

**N**EARLY half a century ago a group of French painters, comprising Degas, Renoir, Monet, Pissarro, Sisley and several others, wrote a letter to Sir Coutts Lindsey at the Grosvenor Galleries, expressing their desire to show their works to English artists and connoisseurs, because they felt so much indebted to the glorious precedent of Turner in all their achievements. Strange as it may seem to us now, this desire was never realised, and though a few pictures of these artists were occasionally exhibited in London, it has so far been impossible for the English student to get a coherent idea of the Impressionist movement without going to Paris. Now, at last, when these painters have long ceased to hold the position of daring innovators and are beginning to enjoy something of the veneration due to old masters, we are able to see them well represented in two London galleries, namely Knoedler's, Agnew's and rather badly at the Leicester Galleries.

What makes it such a joy to see these pictures? It is easy to speak about the vitality, the freshness of colour, the light, and the extraordinary sympathy with life in all its aspects that they reveal, but in the end it is not so much what these painters have in common as the individuality of each that makes up their real worth. They are great not because they happened to live at a time when the progress of science made it possible to represent light and atmosphere in a manner that was undreamed of before, but rather because they were able to make full use of these scientific discoveries without drowning (as most of their lesser followers have done) the essentials of a work of art in mere brilliance of execution. Technical ability never makes a great artist; on the contrary, it is often apt to detract his energy from the more important matter of creating beautiful form. Raphael is not better than Crivelli because his figures are more human,

or his landscapes more atmospheric, but because his designs are nobler. Yet, it must be admitted that the search after technical perfection, the desire to find a new means of expression, is a great stimulus to artistic production. The whole Florentine school was animated by a passionate struggle to express form, but when Michelangelo discovered a perfect means of doing so, the creative impulse appears to have vanished from Florence, to live again in Spain and other countries where there were new problems to be solved.

In the nineteenth century the life-giving quest was to find a method of expressing the vibrating phenomena of light. Turner was the first to discover that light could be expressed, not by darkening the contrasting shadows, but by keeping the general tonality of the picture very high, by using bright, clean pigments, and by the juxtaposition of cold and warm colours. At the same time Constable, working on totally different lines, made the amazing discovery that grass and trees in summer are bright green (even Turner generally painted them brown), and that there are a number of different greens varying from yellow to grey-blue, according to the lighting and distance of each particular portion of the landscape. Then Corot, learning first from Poussin, then from nature, and knowing what Constable had done, studied tone values, and began to see beauty in mists, producing his wonderful series of golden dawns and silver twilights. And all the time the giant Delacroix was struggling impetuously to paint with rich positive colours, to paint and not to draw, so that the actual work done with the brush, and not the preliminary design, should be the making of the picture. And, finally, Courbet shattered once for all the idea that a picture should have a story, and proved that there are subjects enough to be seen all round. So it came about that when the group of artists here under



J. F. MILLET. "THE BLIND BEGGAR." MESSRS. KNOEDLER'S.





E. MANET. "ARGENTEUIL." MESSRS. KNOEDLER'S.

review began to work they could not help being Impressionists; the ground was prepared for them and everything pointed in that direction.

As a matter of fact, Courbet, in spite of his immense importance as a realist, appears somewhat superficial in comparison with either Géricault, that brilliant but short-lived precursor, or Manet. Though some of his paintings of his own handsome head are splendid, he never equalled that other realist of a much finer quality—whose admirable "Tobie" may be seen at Messrs. Knoedler's—Jean François Millet. The latter is one of those rare artists who is both a realist—for he only paints the people and places that he knows—and the idealist—for the forms he uses are always perfectly expressive of his emotions. This close tie between form and idea is also one of the most interesting aspects of Degas' work. He was in some matters a follower of Ingres; he had an exquisite feeling for the beauty of line and silhouette, and had learned not a little from Japanese art, especially in the matter of representing movement. His "Jockeys," at Messrs. Agnew's, and the two racing pictures, at Knoedler's, show how finely he felt the beauty of a horse, while the famous "Blanchisseuses" is a proof of his extraordinary gift as a designer. Renoir at first sight appears the very opposite of Degas. There seems to be no design in his pictures, no special purpose in their arrangement and not even any beauty of the actual brushwork. But the more one looks at him the more one realises the subtlety of his appeal, the exquisite feminine charm of his women, his sensitiveness, and the vibrating, warmth-giving light of his pictures.

It is interesting to note how suddenly Manet began to see light and express it in colour when he came into contact with Monet (whose "Doge's Palace at Venice" is at Messrs. Knoedler's) and Renoir. "Le Bon Bock" (No. 10, Agnew), which made his fame in 1872, is still painted in the broad Spanish manner, with a palette as restrained

as that of the old Franz Hals; but the "Servante de Bocks" (at Knoedler's), done only three years later, positively radiates with light and colour. Another charming work in this heightened key is "La Prune" (No. 14, Agnew). The real interest of Messrs.



E. MANET. "LE BON BOCK." MESSRS. AGNEW'S.

Agnew's exhibition is the fact that it includes Cézanne. His "Bois des Sœurs" is a magnificent result of his constant struggle to "do Poussin over again from Nature." It has all the pure

colour and rich atmosphere of the Impressionists, and at the same time the sound architectural basis and perfectly thought-out composition of the greatest of all French painters, Poussin.

M. CHAMOT.

## THE DEFOLIATION OF OAKS



OAKS IN JULY: THE WORK OF TORTRIX VIRIDANA.

IN COUNTRY LIFE of December 2nd, 1922, appeared an article on "The Insect and the Oak," with illustrations showing the caterpillar in the final stages of enveloping itself in a single leaf or double leaves for the purpose of turning into a chrysalis. The writer (Mr. Moore) also gave an account of the enemies to the caterpillar and the moth. In the issue of COUNTRY LIFE for July 7th Dr. S. A. Neave draws further attention to the serious menace caused by the damage done by *Tortrix viridana* and enters into the cause and effect of outbreaks of insects in abnormal numbers, and the importance—one would almost say the necessity—of, where practicable, combating any plague of insects or moths by the biological method of introducing its own special enemy in the form of a parasite to assist other endeavours to keep the plague within bounds.

Dr. S. A. Neave rightly points out that this method of dealing with pests is only a help towards the object aimed at and not to be relied upon to destroy its host to the last one, since this would entail equally the end of the parasite. He further points out that the oak is a hardy tree of long life, and during that long life has met with many vicissitudes and attacks from insect pests, and yet survives.

It may be that we are inclined to take things too much to heart nowadays and to fear the worst; but many owners of oak

forests and their agents who have charge of them, and look on the oak as a more or less certain source of revenue when needed, cannot but fail to view the present state of oaks in the south with grave apprehension. The Forestry Commission, in Leaflet No. 95, state distinctly that the damage done by *Tortrix viridana* is "more obvious than serious." Another writer, in a magazine eighteen months ago, stated that the "damage is not a true one, but an eyesore." It may only be a question of degree, and some may hold that a dead oak is merely an "eyesore" to those who prefer to see it covered in green leaf, bearing acorns to regenerate itself or to provide food for pigs or game.

Further, many prefer to cut their oak trees when they wish and to cut out a block in a wood and not be compelled to cut one here and there all over the wood. We admit that Gilbert White in 1776 mentions a plague on oaks, but it was not continuous over a period of years, or he would have made further mention of it.

In the south the plague of caterpillars appears to have first become virulent in 1915, and has increased in effect ever since. The procedure is ever the same. The moth emerges about June 20th and lays countless eggs on the buds and ends of branches, or in the crevices of the bark high up the tree, and dies. In early April the oak breaks forth and the eggs hatch; the caterpillars are in



NEWLY HATCHED MOTHS OF VIRIDANA DRYING IN THE SUN.

Posts in the wood above were covered with them in June, 1922.





YOUNG OAKS OF PIT PROP SIZE WITH DEAD AND DYING ENDS.



YOUNG OAKS WITH FOLIAGE DESTROYED FOR THE THIRD YEAR IN SUCCESSION. TOPS NOW DEAD.

millions and consume every leaf; when full-fed they lower themselves to earth by a silken thread and, being wise and not wasteful of food, select a leaf on the ground, roll up in it and pupate for about three weeks. Now, by this time, the oak is brown and denuded of foliage. The tree makes a second attempt at reproduction and throws out an abortive second growth, but it is noted during the past three years that this second growth is no longer made at the branch ends, but some way back from them, and, finally, only up the trunk or main branches; the top branches and tips are dead and no longer carry sap. From a non-technical point of view, are we to believe that Nature likes to get a very severe check at the moment she is rushing up sap at its maximum flow, to find the arteries more and more restricted and the necessity of a second attempt at leaf growing: and this year after year?

Some aver that the cause of dead and dying tops of oaks is due to the drought of 1921 or to old age, but it must be pointed out that trees standing in dense copse wood and having their roots protected from the rays of the sun are the ones affected, and, further, many trees of under forty years of age. Trees in

parks and hedgerows are immune or but little affected (so far), and the Turkey oak was untouched until 1923, but is now attacked. The result is that finally the tree before dying merely breaks leaf up the trunk, the "top" stands dead and, even if cut, there is no saleable cord wood with the tree. Very

old trees appear less susceptible than younger ones, if one may take as an example a few old warriors dating back probably over 300 years.

In some woods of pure oak under sixty years of age, fully 25 per cent. are dead or dying, and in 1914 they were all healthy and well. The only person who appears to be quite content is the timber merchant, who can now buy oak at 10d. per foot and expects it to be cheaper. A good example of defoliation of very young oaks and even scrub oak, not 5ft. high, can be seen from the train between Reading and Basingstoke.

Nature assists in fighting the plague through the birds:

all the warblers, tits, chaffinches, sparrows, starlings and rooks come and get a hearty meal off the caterpillars; but it is a case of "a few among so many," and the warblers only get really busy late in the season, when they have their young to feed. The ichneumon fly and its like



PARK OAKS UNTOUCHED.

Trees in parks and hedgerows are immune or but little affected.



TREES DAMAGED FOR SEVERAL YEARS IN SUCCESSION MAKING NO ATTEMPT AT GROWTH THIS YEAR.



ALL THE GROWTH ACHIEVED, BY THESE OFTEN DEFOLIATED TREES, IN MAY, 1923.

assist, as do wasps, to a certain extent. Spraying has already been pointed out by others to be out of the question, though if and when park oaks are attacked, no doubt the estate fire engine might do good; but, as far as can be

seen, nothing will help in oak copses and forests, unless it be self extermination from shortage of food or the assistance of an active parasite, and by this time it is feared many oaks will have died before their time.

M. PORTAL.

## THE GIANT NILE PERCH

By SIR FREDERICK J. JACKSON, K.C.M.G., C.B.

THE giant Nile perch, the puta of Lake Albert native fishermen, the baggara of the Sudanese, the fresh water tarpon of the late Mr. F. G. Aflalo, and Lates niloticus of Science, is the largest freshwater game fish in Africa. It is also a very fine and shapely fish to look upon when fresh from the water. My largest, of 40lb., had to be towed gently ashore to be landed after being played out, as the boat was too small, and with not enough free-board to allow its being gaffed and lifted aboard. As it lay, wet and shining, on a pad of freshly cut green rushes, with its sleek silvery side glinting in the sun, its formidable dorsal fin erect, and both its mouth and gills closed, it really looked a beauty. There was, however, a sad contrast two hours later when it was strung up to be photographed; it was then dull and faded, the bloom had vanished, its sides were dry, blotched and crinkled, its great mouth wide open and gills partly so—just like a cod on a fishmonger's slab. Most photographs show it in that condition, but the attached one of a 55-pounder, caught by Mr. Charles Grey, was taken when it was fresh from the water.

Among the most remarkable features of the puta, apart from its size, are its lustrous eyes of old gold—in some lights ruby. It is alleged that the eyes are so luminous that they are visible a foot or more under water on a moonlight night.

Up till 1917 the largest fish, taken on rod and line by Mr. Tarrant, Chief of Customs in Uganda, weighed 198lb., but no record of its measurements was kept. It was taken trolling with a natural bait at Butiaba. The next best, of 94lb., was taken by Sir Charles Delmé-Radcliffe while spinning below the Beddan rapids at Fort Berkeley, a station long since abandoned. Another good fish of 81lb. was taken by Mr. R. C. Allen, the Director of Surveys, also at Butiaba. Many other fish between 50lb. and 80lb. have been taken at the same place, in the same manner. March and April, from mid-June to the end of July, the last week in December, and throughout January, are the best times to visit the lake. Mr. Charles Grey fished from June 2nd to the 8th without a run or any other sign; but between the 9th and the 20th he landed twenty-eight fish weighing 764lb.

Sir Samuel Baker was probably quite correct in believing that this great perch will some day be found to run up to 300lb. or more. The Belgians, when they occupied Wadelai, Dufile, and other posts in the Lado Enclave, are alleged to have killed some real monsters—by dynamite!

Up to 1914 spoon baits were the only lure in general use by the few Europeans who had the opportunity of trying their luck, and some good sport was had in the river, particularly at Wadelai and Nimuli, with fish up to 40lb. or so. The only instance of one of 50lb. taken in Lake Albert, at Kibero, is recorded by the Rev. A. B. Lloyd of the C.M.S.

On both occasions of my first two visits to the lake, the local fishermen were very scornful regarding the merits of spoon-baits, and, indeed, scoffed at the idea of such puny things attracting large fish; and, as a matter of fact, none of us caught anything above 6lb. However, as I have always held that African natives, who are dependent on hunting big game or on fishing for a livelihood, are very far from being fools at their job, and that it is always advisable to seek their opinion, and very often to follow their advice, I did so in this case. After watching a fisherman impale through the stomach a live 2lb. bream (Tilapia) on a locally made hook about the size of a meat hook, attached

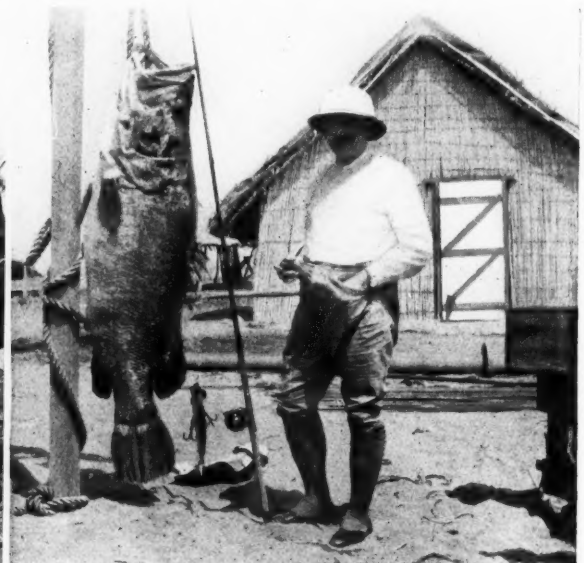
to a strong cord, swing it out into the lake and then leave it—the end of the line being attached to a stake—I considered there was something really convincing when, early next morning, I saw that man drag ashore a fine 40-pounder! A few days later, at Wadelai, a fish estimated at 60lb. or more, seized a pound tiger-fish as I was reeling it in, and held on to it until it rose to the surface in mid-stream, reared up for about three parts of its length, violently shook its head, with its great cavernous mouth wide open, and then fell back. No further proof that the fisherman was right was required, and without further hesitation Messrs. Hardy were requested to make me some large crocodile spinners to take roin. and 12in. natural baits, with the result that during the next and, I regret, last visit six fish between 19lb. and 40lb. were landed in four days' fishing in April. Such a catch is, of course, trifling compared with those recorded above, but it is



CAUGHT BY MR. CHARLES GREY AT BUTIABA, LAKE ALBERT, 1914. WEIGHT 55LB.



WASHED ASHORE AT BUTIABA. LENGTH 7FT., WEIGHT 100LB.



LANDED BY MR. H. M. TARRANT. WEIGHT 198LB.



pleasing to have initiated the adoption by my colleagues and friends of large natural baits; and, in turn, I take off my hat to the local native fisherman who gave me the tip. These local men are also very knowledgeable regarding the movements of the puta, as they set their night-lines only at certain periods when the fish leave the deep water beyond the 30ft. line, and come inshore. Mr. Charles Grey verified this fact by failing to touch a fish in the first seven days of his stay at Butiaba, although he tried all kinds and sizes of lures as well as natural baits; and it is interesting to know that the evening before the spell was broken a native fisherman was seen, for the first time, setting a night-line.

There is little chance of mistaking the rush of a puta of 20lb. and upwards, as it invariably shows itself, and in this respect, as Mr. Aflalo pointed out in the *Field*, it is very tarpon-like. The only other fish that may occasionally take so large a bait is a species of cat-fish (*Bagrus degani*), and it relies more on its weight and boring powers than on exerting its strength and fighting qualities, and it keeps out of sight to the last. However, it is not to be despised, and a 30-pounder was a very fine fellow to look at.

When a puta rises to the surface it is a veritable upheaval, accompanied by violent splashing and head-shakings, without the clean active jump of the tiger-fish: but due notice is generally given by a sudden slackening of the line. These upheavals may occur three or four times, and the last is nearly always within a short distance of the boat. One of Mr. Grey's heavy fish rose quite unpleasantly close to his Berthon boat, and some heaved themselves quite clear of the water; but none of mine showed more than three parts of their length.

As it is not possible to fish with a large natural bait anywhere in the lake or river, except by trolling, the first vigorous rush of a heavy puta is, of course, increased by the way on the boat; but this knowledge in no way lessens the joy of it.

In my small experience, striking is not necessary. The fish takes the bait well into its mouth, and hooks itself in the violence of its rush. Only one fish, after being hooked, was lost, and then both the spinner and trace went—through my failing to examine the line, that had become frayed where attached to the trace, during two previous tussles, a precaution easily forgotten.

The satisfaction of landing my own fish, even the 40-pounder, would undoubtedly have been much greater if the rod—a Natal surf rod—had not erred on the side of strength. It is perhaps only human to take advantage of very strong tackle, intended for 100-pounders and upward, and almost unconsciously to exert power that is scarcely less than murderous; the knowledge that nothing is likely to give does not conduce to gentle handling.

If, therefore, I were ever returning to Lake Albert, in more than spirit, I should take an extra strong, steel-centred Hardy's "Murdoch," a Silex reel, with extra strong check, to take 200yds. of tarpon line and 100yds. of backing, with traces to match in strength. A short 6ft. or 7ft. tarpon rod and multiplying reel would be too murderous and would not appeal to me; there is not enough play in the former nor music in the latter. That the crocodile spinner is excellent there can be no doubt, but it is, perhaps, not the best for puta; the combined power of the fish's jaws and the violence of its efforts to free itself of the hooks, are apt to put it out of action, and render it temporarily useless. A more simple flight of three trebles—in use by sea anglers for albacore and other big-game fish—would render the bait, perhaps, even more attractive to such a comparatively slow-moving fish as a large puta. It is all-important that the bait should not travel at more than four miles an hour; some fishermen hold that three, and even two and a half, is ample. At the slower rates, the appearance of the bait when rolling or wobbling round, represents a more life-like wounded or struggling fish than when spinning round very slowly on its own axis, and this it is not intended to do. However, among fishermen, there is rarely any agreement on a particular subject. The two best natural baits are, undoubtedly, the small, and very silvery tiger-fish (*Hydrocyon forskalii*), and another, more dace-like, but equally silvery (*Alestes baremose*). Both rise freely to a fly of almost any kind, and at any time of the day, and afford capital sport with a trout rod; they each run up to a little over a pound in weight. I believe, however, a good principle to act on is: the bigger the bait the bigger the puta, and I feel sure we shall, some day, hear of 4lb. and 5lb. baits being used for the real giants.

The flesh of a large fish is, naturally, coarse, but eatable; a small one up to 4lb. or 6lb. is quite good, and very free from bones.

## GOLF IN THE AIR

GOLF would be a very dull game for most of us if we did not, every now and then, hit on a device which we believe will improve some one of our shots out of knowledge. As the years go on we begin to have our doubts; the arrogant confidence of our youth becomes rather a sweet and pious hope. But few of us, however many new styles we may have invented, have ever deemed ourselves to be revolutionising not merely our own game, but the whole game of golf. There is a friend of mine, however, whose golf at its best approached to true greatness; a creature, too, of infinite ingenuity in other and more serious walks of life, who almost dares to hope that he has stumbled on a universal and epoch-making discovery.

Like all great discoveries, it is apparently a very simple one. In superficial language it consists in taking a high tee. But this tee is not merely a mountain of sand rather taller than the ordinary, but an artificial building of rubber or some kindred substance several inches high. It may possibly, when the idea has been more fully tested and developed, become a sky-scraper a foot high. The belief of the inventor is that the position on the ground level, in which the player normally tees the ball, does not give him the maximum power over it. He can get a far bigger, flatter, more powerful sweep at it, if it is placed perceptibly above the level of his feet. The inventor backs up his argument by analogies from other pastimes. "Now, look here," he says, with an air of candid appeal, "if you were going to smack a small boy, where would you put him?" To this I reply that, not being a schoolmaster, I have not had sufficient experience to form an opinion; but my answer is brushed aside as frivolous. "You know quite well," he goes on, "you wouldn't put him on the ground, would you? Of course you wouldn't, you'd tee him up on a chair. Well, then, the same principle applies here."

Unfortunately, I have not yet seen my friend put his theories into practice. I had engaged to do so a few days since, but was compelled to break my promise. It is, of course, easy to smile at them, and, indeed, some people go so far as openly to guffaw. Nevertheless there is, I have little doubt, more in them than light-minded scoffers believe. I do not know how it may be with other people, but, personally, I have always felt that I swung my club better—or less badly—when the ball was rather above me. My swing, in such circumstances, always feels flatter and smoother and, what is more, I can nearly always hit the ball tolerably well, generally with an attractive suspicion of hook. It is so much easier to stand up, to keep the weight back on the heels, to keep the right elbow down, and to take the club well back along the ground in a big sweeping curve. It seems to give one something of the comforting illusion of having a helpful wind blowing from right to left—a state of

things in which the feeblest of us can generally make some show of driving. When I have gone out to practise driving I have always resolutely resisted the temptation to tee the ball on a slope a little above me, for the reason that to do so would be enervating and encourage a false belief that I had cured myself. But I never had the energy or the genius to take the necessary step further and conceive the possibility of teeing the ball above me for ever. The difficulty that teeing grounds were normally flat appeared to my limited intellect insuperable, and I went on in my old grovelling way.

The new discovery was, I am told, introduced a few days since to one very illustrious golfer. This was J. H. Taylor, who investigated it with his ever-ready flow of emphatic enthusiasm. He made his club sing through the air in joyful expectation and hit the most beautiful shots that looked as if they were going for ever. Measurements, in fact, showed that they only went some five or six yards farther than those struck in the ordinary way, but then it is part of my friend's faith that even if the stroke played from his tee goes no farther than usual, it gives a delicious sensation of additional power which alone is worth the money.

Most of us have, I suppose, something of that "doubt and cavilling peculiar to vulgar minds," which made Mr. Blotton of Aldgate depreciate Mr. Pickwick's immortal discovery at Cobham. Consequently, I feel two doubts about my friend's discovery, which I believe others will share. First, will the average golfer learn to drive successfully if he has to do so practically without grounding his club? When we find our ball perched on a nice little sloping bank of grass above us we can ground the club in the ordinary way; but, in the case of an aerial tee, that cannot be so. I read an article by Mr. Croome the other day in which he propounded the ingenious theory that a very bad player sometimes makes a very good shot out of a bunker just because he cannot ground his club. If he could ground his club he would play a jerky shot with tightened muscles; since he is not allowed, he plays the shot "fluently." If this be sound, the sky-scraper tee should have yet another advantage: but I am not very sure about it.

The second doubt which obviously suggests itself is whether a player who habitually hits his tee shot off a monticle will be able to adapt himself to the base necessity of playing the ball where it lies through the green. The contrast, one would imagine, must be painfully abrupt. On the other hand, it may be argued that a course of the monticle will produce an altogether better swing which the player will be able to reproduce, *mutatis mutandis*, through the green. My friend's invention is now in its extreme infancy. It may yet be strangled almost at birth, but I have so much respect for his infernal ingenuity that for all I know the coming generation of golfers may be teeing the ball at the level of its nose.

BERNARD DARWIN.

## CORRESPONDENCE

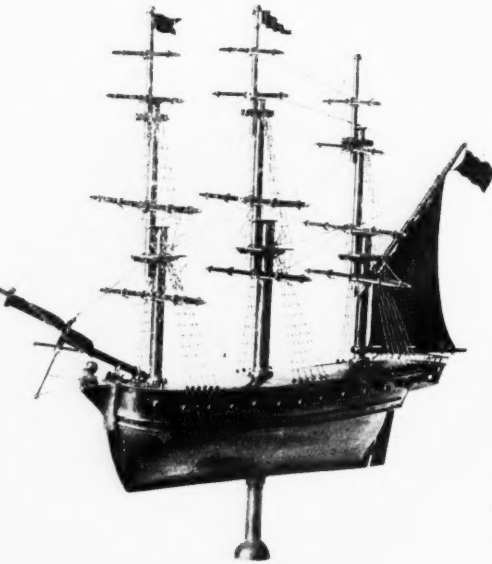
## AGRICULTURE—NORTH AND SOUTH.

## TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—In your issue of the 7th inst. you desire to ascertain how it was that Scottish farmers succeeded in Essex where the local men failed. and you mention the McConnells as one instance. I knew the former tenant, Mr. Stallibrass, as my father farmed a few miles only from Ongar Park Farm. Perhaps these notes on the circumstances may throw some light on the cause. Mr. Stallibrass farmed this poor, heavy-land farm principally with the object of growing corn, that is wheat, beans and a few oats for his carthorses. When the seasons were unkind and the prices low in consequence of the bad condition of the home-grown wheat, which had to be supplemented by the importations from abroad, then the farmers' profits and bank balances disappeared and with the latter that important factor, "credit." Mr. S. was a good farmer who bred and kept a sufficient number of horses to work his farm properly. This is what is called three-horse land and he availed himself of help by using the steam plough. He was a good friend to the labourer and a keen supporter of the Agricultural Labourers' Friendly Society. At this time there was much rivalry among the farmers for the credit of having the best cultivated farm, and much unnecessary labour, as we should consider to-day, was employed in order to keep things smart and tidy. But times changed. I will give two extracts from my father's diary: "1860, June 9th. Very wet. The weather for some time has been very wet and cold, with high winds. Two deep floods. The corn looking very bad. Oct. 15th. A great deal of corn still out. Mr. S. of Ongar Park has upwards of 100 acres, Mr. K., 100, Mr. H., 90, and so on, of wheat uncared. I have finished ploughing 70 acres of clover land, but cannot sow anything or cart the mangold, which this year, as well as the turnips, are nearly a failure." And so times went on until 1879 and 1880, when the hearts were broken and the pockets of most of the clay-land Essex farmers were empty. Mr. S.'s successor, Mr. McConnell, sen., went on quite other lines. These farmers from over the border saw that corn growing was impossible at the prices then ruling, and the landlords were glad to accept a good tenant at any price rather than borrow money to farm the land themselves, only to lose it as they had seen the tenants do. By laying down the land to grass and turning the farm into a cow run the new men reduced the



THE KORAN IN CHINA.



CAPTAIN COOK'S SHIP AS A VANE.

labour bill and increased the return by sending milk to London. This farm is well situated, with a railway siding close to the homestead, and the landlord built a large cowshed and cottages for his new tenant. Mr. McConnell doubtless flourished as he deserved to do, but he never minded spending the "saxpence" if he could see a profitable return likely to result from doing so. His son, Professor Primrose, is "no fu," and went further afield when he wished to purchase a farm. May he long continue to flourish and give his neighbours the benefit of his advice. It is by the help of such men that the Essex farmers are to-day "Keeping their end up," even if they are making but a small score.—CHAS. B. SWORDER.

## CHINESE MOHAMMEDANS.

## TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—The enclosed photograph of a Chinese Mohammedan Haji reading the Koran may interest you. There are several million Mohammedans in Western China, chiefly in the provinces of Yunnan and Kansu, and though the unobservant might pass them by as Chinese, they are regarded as quite distinct by the Chinese themselves. Indeed, they are recognised as one of the "five races" one heard so much about in the early days of the Republic—Chinese, Tibetan, Manchu, Mongol and Mohammedan. Their mosques, though built in the orthodox Chinese style, differ from the vast majority of Chinese temples—whether Buddhist, Taoist or Confucian—in being kept in repair and scrupulously clean. Moreover, they are used for legitimate purposes only, and the stranger, though permitted to enter, will be requested to remove his shoes first. The Koran and Arabic are taught to the children, who go to their own schools. Before the war the "Hwei-hwei," as the Chinese call them, sometimes made pilgrimage to Mecca, but now it is too expensive for them. In times past the Mohammedans have twice organised frightful rebellions against the Manchu dynasty, one in Yunnan lasting many years and costing millions of lives.—F. KINGDON WARD.

## THE EFFECT UPON BIRD LIFE OF THE CUTTING DOWN OF FORESTS.

## TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—During the war many of our forests and woods were cut down to supply the needs of our armies, etc. The destruction of trees had a more or less disastrous effect upon the birds that built in tall trees. The larger birds suffered greatly. One would have thought that the cutting down of so much timber would have had an equally disastrous effect upon the small birds. But the reverse has taken place. To my surprise when I revisited a wood in France this May I found it had all been cut down. It had survived the needs of war and was still a dense wood in September, 1920. But in May, 1923, every tree had been felled and the ground was covered with young

growth reaching up to one's knees. In the former life of the wood magpies, pigeons, jays and hawks had built in the trees. They had all deserted the place, but in their stead had come an army of warblers. The air was full of melody, although the birds were very shy. One could distinguish the notes of willow wren, chaff, whitethroat and many others, evidently extremely happy in the dense growth of the young saplings. This was all the more strange as there were no blackbirds or thrushes, few finches, and in other places there were no warblers to be seen or heard. Last week, on returning to England, I chanced to visit a wood in Sussex that had been cut down, and to my astonishment the small bird life was extremely numerous, the air vibrant with melody. But in Sussex there were a great many wrens, robins and tits that I had not noticed. I should like to know if other observers have noticed the same thing in areas where forests or woods have been cut down.—H. T. C.

## A SHIP VANE.

## TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—Some time ago you illustrated some ship weather vanes. The enclosed photograph of one made in copper by Mr. Starkie Gardner represents the famous Resolution in which Captain Cook sailed the southern seas, and was unveiled last week at Whitby, where she was built. There it tops a mast 46ft. high which stands in front of a new statue to the explorer and his Whitby crew. The mast and model were dedicated by Mrs. Mary Georgine and Mr. Cecil Brodrick, whose ancestors were largely responsible for the building of the ship. A plate on the mast records this fact and Captain Cook's opinion of the Resolution:

"I do now and ever did think her the most proper ship for this service I ever saw." —WHITBY.

## A ROADSIDE GIANT.

## TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—The photograph I enclose was taken recently in the grounds of Huntercombe Manor, Burnham, Bucks. The actual height of this giant hemlock is 14ft., and while I fully realise the usual sturdy growth of this roadside plant, I cannot recollect seeing one of the above height. You will, no doubt, remember you mentioned in the article in COUNTRY LIFE some years ago the luxuriance of the plant life on this estate, which, no doubt, accounts for the hemlock's great stature.—D.

[The plant illustrated is not, strictly speaking, a hemlock, but the giant cow parsnip (*Heracleum villosum*), a giant among herbaceous plants, which normally attains a height of from ten to twelve feet. Even so, the plant shown is a specially fine one.—ED.]



A COW PARSNIP 14FT. HIGH.



A TERN WITH TWO ESTABLISHMENTS.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—During the present nesting season I have been making visits to one of the outer Scillies which is specially selected by the common terns as a breeding site, and have been much interested and puzzled by one or two things which I have seen there, particularly in the case of a clutch of eggs—only two in number—which I found a few days ago. On this picturesque little island dozens of terns' nests are just now scattered about in all directions, some down so close to high-water mark, among the seaweed, that one fears for their safety should the next spring tides be very high; others just under the low cliff and among the flowering sea spurry;

while others, again, are on the grassy top, where rank herbage is abundant and giant mallows bloom. The whole place is really a beauty spot and the hundreds of birds which inhabit it add immensely to the interest. Here, then, among these beautiful surroundings I found one clutch of eggs which were quite different from all the rest, in that they were less than half the size of the normal common tern's egg; in fact, I took them to be the eggs of a lesser tern, and in order to make sure, and also to procure a photograph if it were so, I and my son put up a hiding tent fairly close to the nest and I watched in it for about three hours. This particular nest was in the middle of a clump of flowering spurry and was within a few feet of several other nests, all with clutches of normal

sized eggs. My son having left the island and taken the boat away, the birds soon returned and I was surprised to find when my bird came down that she was a common tern. She made two or three feints before actually sitting on the eggs, but there seemed to be no doubt about their being hers, and when she found that my hide was not to be feared, she made herself comfortable upon them and sat. She would occasionally leave and come back, as is usual with incubating terns, and I took three or four photographs of her in different attitudes. After a couple of hours and having, as I considered, proved that the clutch was an abnormal one of a common tern, I decided to pack up, and was on the point of doing so when I was astonished to see the bird get up and deliberately walk across the front of my tent to another nest—a normal clutch of three eggs—about 4ft. away, ruffle out her breast feathers in the usual way and sit upon these. After she had been sitting there for some little time and showed no inclination to move, and as the second nest was so close to my hide that I could almost touch her, I decided to frighten her off and see what would happen. So I made a movement which she at once noticed and flew away. She was not gone more than two minutes before she returned, but as before to the first nest with the two small eggs. Again she sat upon them in quite a normal way for some time, when once more she got up and walked across to the nest with the larger eggs and sat upon them. This seems to me to be an extraordinary circumstance. I have long known that in some ways the tern is a bird of very little intelligence, for I found some years ago that they do not know their own young; but it appears to me now that they do not know their own nest or their own eggs, and are quite willing to sit upon any clutch in the immediate neighbourhood. But the question arises, what eggs were these of the smaller clutch with two small-size eggs? They were, to all appearance, those of the little tern, yet no little tern was to be seen, but a common tern came to them and for considerable periods sat upon them. Were they the eggs of a little tern or were they an abnormal clutch of the common tern? This may have been a legitimate case for taking the eggs, but I preferred to put the small ones for a few minutes into the nest with the larger ones and photograph them to show the relative size. Both nests were, with many others, very beautifully surrounded by flowering spurry.—C. J. KING.



ALIGHTING ON THE SMALL EGGS.



SITTING ON THE SMALL EGGS.



ABUSING AN INTRUDER.



THE SMALL EGGS IN THE NEST WITH THE NORMAL CLUTCH.

DESTRUCTION OF BIRDS IN AUSTRALIA.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—Aviculturists in England who have been successful in breeding Australian parakeets in aviaries are largely banned from receiving a few pairs of certain beautiful species, owing to a law of the Federal Government which forbids their exportation. In aviaries they are well cared for and reproduce; yet it is a fact that more are poisoned in one week in New South Wales than all the trappers there could take in twelve months. One farmer, who was poisoning, had a notice from the Shire Council that he would be prosecuted if he did not remove the dead parakeets, cockatoos and doves which were lying along the road in hundreds. After the crops are in, poison is spread broadcast!—HUBERT ASTLEY.

## THE ESTATE MARKET

## LETTING OF BLICKLING HALL

**B**LICKLING HALL, Norfolk, has been let furnished, and it is reported that the rental is £250 a week for the summer months. It is worth it, for the house is one of rare distinction. The agents who negotiated the letting were Messrs. John D. Wood and Co.

Sir Henry Hobart built Blickling Hall, in the early years of the seventeenth century. It has been thrice the subject of illustrated special articles in *COUNTRY LIFE* (Vol. III, pages 112 and 144; Vol. XVIII, page 822; and Vol. XXVII, page 673). The statuary and fountains were illustrated in these columns on May 7th, 1910. Hobart, Lord Chief Justice in the days of Elizabeth and James I, bought the estate, pulled down the original house and built the present one, which was ready for his son's occupation in 1628. One of his descendants became Earl of Buckinghamshire in 1746. The Marquess of Lothian, great-grandson of the second Earl, acquired the estate in 1850, and it belongs to the ninth Marquess. Two years ago we announced a letting of the Hall and the shooting over 6,000 acres, to Mrs. Hoffman, of New York.

The original house at Blickling was built by Sir Nicholas Dagworth, a soldier and diplomatist under Edward III and Richard II, and worthily commemorated by a very fine brass in Blickling church of a knight in full armour. His widow sold the estate to Sir Thomas de Erpingham, who, in his old age, fought at Agincourt—the "Good old knight" of Shakespeare's "Henry V" (Act IV, scene 1). Another who fought in France, and earned a perhaps unjust reputation from Shakespeare, afterwards held Blickling—Sir John Fastolfe ("Henry VI," Part I, Act IV, scene 1). He sold the estate to Sir Geoffrey Boleyn, Lord Mayor of London, ancestor of Anne Boleyn, whom Henry VIII married and beheaded. Her cousin was compelled by adversity to sell the estate, and Hobart, already mentioned, thus became the owner. This outline of the history of Blickling Hall will suffice to indicate the extraordinary richness of the estate in all that constitutes truly venerable antiquity. The gardens contain relics of the pleasures of Oxnead, and the property is one of the most notable in East Anglia.

## SCOTTISH SPORTING DOMAINS.

**COOMBE**, offered at Shaftesbury by Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley, realised £10,790 for nineteen out of the twenty lots, an area of 362 acres, the mansion and park being bought in.

Properties shortly to be dealt with by the Hanover Square firm include Blakemere, Sandiway, 57 acres, conveniently situated for Liverpool and Manchester; Laxton Hall, a Georgian house and 1,988 acres, on the Rutland and Northampton border; Langley House, King's Langley, for Mr. G. R. Holland; Court Lys, Woking; Brickendon Grange, near Haileybury College; and Algorta, Shenfield, one of the small Essex properties so deservedly in favour with City men.

Scottish sporting estates, for sale by Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley are, naming new additions to the list, Corrimony, Inchbae and Brae Moor. Mrs. Macpherson has decided to dispose of Corrimony in Glen Urquhart, Inverness-shire, 10,000 acres. The hill ground is equally adapted for grouse or deer, for twenty-five or thirty stags are killed in a season, and before the moor was afforested 1,000 brace of grouse were regularly obtained.

Mr. W. Dalziel Mackenzie of Farr is the vendor of Inchbae, near Carve, and the Brae Moor portion of Brae, to be offered next autumn. Inchbae, 21,000 acres, has been for years devoted mainly to deer, but used to carry from 1,000 to 1,200 brace of grouse. The forest is capable of yielding about sixty stags. There are four and a half miles of salmon fishing in the River Blackwater, and the burns and lochs provide trout fishing. Brae Moor, near Strathpeffer, about 3,500 acres, in pre-war days had an average bag of 500 brace.

## LADY EBURY'S PURCHASE.

**LADY EBURY** has purchased The Grove, Stanmore Common, from Colonel Ashley, M.P., whose agents were Messrs. Curtis and Henson.

Major-General Sir George V. Kemball, K.C.M.G., D.S.O., has, through the same

agents, sold the Old Mill House, Ewelme, and the auction has been cancelled.

Bidborough Grange, a beautiful old black and white house near Tonbridge, has changed hands through Messrs. Curtis and Henson, who have found a purchaser for Strathbogie, near Tunbridge Wells, before auction. They have just finished, jointly with Messrs. Capes, Dunn and Co., a week's auction of the contents of Bramall Hall, Cheshire, a property which, rumours to the contrary notwithstanding, is still in the market. Other sales by Messrs. Curtis and Henson include Watlands, Scaynes Hill, near Hayward's Heath, 153 acres, for Sir Harry Livesey, to a client of Messrs. Dibblin and Smith; and 200 acres of building land on the outskirts of Watford.

Stanners Hill Manor, an old Elizabethan house and 50 acres on Chobham Common, have been sold by Messrs. Dibblin and Smith in conjunction with Messrs. Hampton and Sons. Country houses sold by the last-named firm include Cowley Place, a Georgian property of 11½ acres near Uxbridge; Appleton Manor, an ancient house at Abingdon; Melmoth Lodge, Cookham, near Maidenhead; and the final lot of Brookman's Park estate, The Firs, 9 acres, at Bell Bar, Hatfield. Messrs. Hampton and Sons were jointly concerned with Messrs. Geering and Colyer in the sale of one or two of the larger properties comprised in a list exceeding £120,000 just realised. Among the Ashford firm's sales were Budds, Wittersham, nearly 200 acres; Woodside, Peasmarsh, a Georgian residence with miniature park and woodlands of 55 acres; Chantry Place, Marden; Oaklands, Smarden, a residential, agricultural and sporting estate of 182 acres; Halden House, High Halden, a large residence with timbered meadowland of 40 acres; The Gibbet, Tenterden, a freehold of 120 acres; Hales Place, High Halden, a mixed farm of 80 acres; Freight Farm, Flimwell, near Tunbridge Wells, 128 acres; Elm Farm, Pett, near Hastings, a freehold of nearly 100 acres; Wenbans Farm, Wadhurst, a freehold with Elizabethan residence; and Bilham Farm, Mersham, a freehold of 150 acres.

## ANTICIPATING AUCTIONS.

**MAJOR G. O. S. PRINGLE** directed Messrs. E. and S. Smith to offer Ashleworth, Gerrards Cross, at the London Auction Mart yesterday, and, as so often happens, a buyer was found in private treaty beforehand. It is a well designed and substantially built residence, in grounds which are stocked with ornamental trees, bushes and roses, adjoining the golf course of Chalfont Park.

Ham Manor, Cobham, a property with a walled garden, and The Pinnacles, a pleasant old house at Tonbridge, have changed hands through the agency of Messrs. Squire, Herbert and Co.

Bourne House, East Woodhay, belonging to Sir Ernest Wills, has been sold to Mr. John William Douglas, the agents being Messrs. Thake and Paginton. With the house, which has central heating, electric light and a garage, go four cottages and 35 acres of land. They have also sold Cwicheleme, Wallingford.

The old Queen Anne house at Castor, four miles from Peterborough, with over an acre of gardens, was to have been offered at the London Mart a few days ago, but a client of Messrs. Farebrother, Ellis and Co. acquired it in private negotiation from the vendor's agents, Messrs. Battam and Heywood. The Elms stands in the centre of the Fitzwilliam Hunt, where, in the time of the Roman occupation, was the famous camp of Durobrovis, referred to in the Itinerary of Antoninus. By the way, that ancient and graphic writer referred to a Somerset estate which was mentioned as in the market, in these columns, a week or two ago. The Castor house is of coursed ashlar, with a roof of the Collyweston stone, which adds so much to the beauty of so many, even the smallest, houses in that part of Northamptonshire. The Nene affords good boating and fishing. The house is dated 1769.

## DUNKESWELL ABBEY RUINS.

**DUNKESWELL ABBEY**, three miles from Honiton, was founded for the Cistercians early in the thirteenth century, by William de Briwere, and it was, at the time of the dissolution of the monasteries, an important establishment

with a revenue computed at the then large sum of £298 a year. A portion of the ruins of the Abbey stands on the estate of Wolford Lodge, which is to be submitted to auction, in August, by Messrs. Parsons, Clark and Bodin. The property has an area of approximately 1,857 acres, including a little sporting estate of 275 acres, the greater part of Dunkeswell village, and the site of the old residence, Wolford Lodge.

At Wood Norton, Evesham, Messrs. Richardsons have just sold forty-two lots of growing timber, including 15,455 larch, spruce and Scots fir, 2,050 oaks, and 3,774 other trees, for a total of £12,595.

Messrs. Harrods, Limited, who have held three separate days' auctions of real estate at their Brompton Road mart this week, privately sold Woodleigh, Ascot, a modern freehold house in a garden of an acre, and a house in the best part of Fulham Road, beforehand. Lincoln's Inn Fields premises, known as "The Old Curiosity Shop," will be sold in London next Tuesday, by Messrs. Herring, Son and Daw.

Last Thursday in London an auction was to have been held by Messrs. Berryman and Gilkes, who, however, had already been successful in obtaining satisfactory offers for two of the properties: The Dairy Green, Crockham Hill (a fine old house of Jacobean character); and The Knoll, Bourn, Cambridgeshire (a little seventeenth century property).

The late Sir Theodore Martin's Llangollen home, Bryn-Tysilio, is in the market, and will be submitted, at Liverpool next Monday, by Messrs. Thomson and Moulton. He died in 1909. A personal friend of Queen Victoria—whose stay at Bryn-Tysilio in 1889 is commemorated by the name of the bedroom she occupied there, the Victoria Room—Sir Theodore Martin wrote a Life of the Prince Consort in five volumes. By profession a solicitor, he came to London and developed a large practice as a Parliamentary agent, the name given to the legal advisers of promoters of private Bills. He lavished money on his Llangollen home, and it is a house with panelling of polished mahogany and other adornments, and in grounds that were laid out with artistic judgment and indifference to the amount of the bill. The freehold has an area of between 10 and 11 acres.

Glebe House, partly of Queen Anne construction, at Mersham, with 50 acres, comes under the hammer of Messrs. Geering and Colyer at Ashford next Tuesday. That is also the date of auction, in London, of the early Georgian Dower House at Harefield, and 16½ acres, by Messrs. George Trollope and Sons.

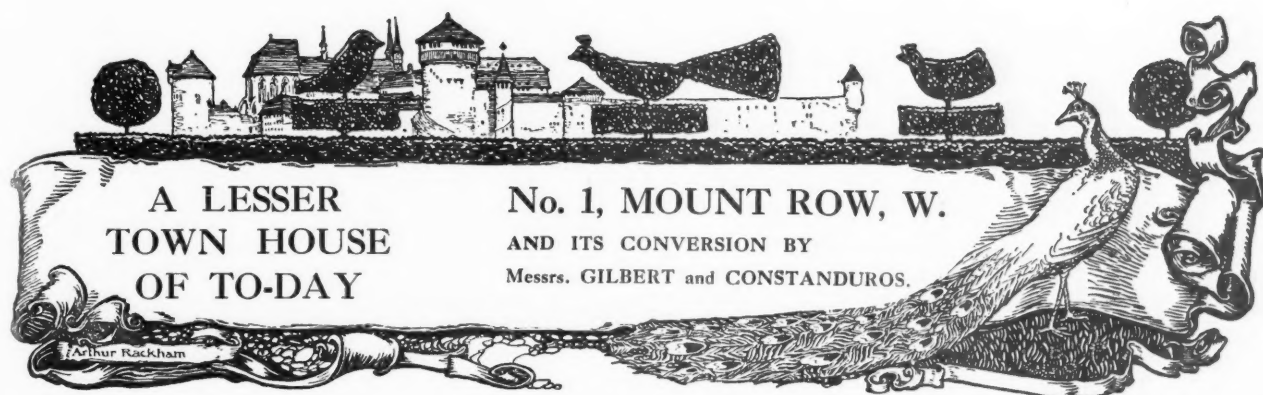
Chepstow freehold residential property, Wirewoods Green, overlooking the Severn and Wye Valley, 70 acres, will be sold locally next Tuesday by Messrs. Davis and Son. On the same day, at Moreton-in-the-Marsh, Messrs. Bruton, Knowles and Co. will sell Snowhill Hill, a stone house and 343 acres, on the North Cotswolds.

Lord Wrottesley's Northiam freehold, New House, 345 acres, between Robertsbridge and Rye, will be sold, at Rye next Wednesday, by Messrs. Hampton and Sons in conjunction with Messrs. Howse and Co. Also at Rye, on the same day, Bank House, Rye, ideally situated for golf at Camber and Playden, is to be offered by Messrs. Vidler and Co.

Since the private sales, announced in the Estate Market page of *COUNTRY LIFE* three weeks ago, of Hampshire land by Lord Bolton to Lord Basing and others, Messrs. Simmons and Sons have submitted other portions of the property to public competition, and added approximately £22,000 to the total realised, certain good lots, both large and small, still awaiting offers.

The enquiry for farms is improving, and sales in the last few days include that of the Hall Farm of the Bourn Hall estate, near Cambridge, which Messrs. Bidwell and Sons have sold since the auction; about £20,000 worth of farms, mostly in the vicinity of Hoxne, sold at Norwich, by Mr. Harry H. Arnold; a farm of 222 acres, at West Monkton, near Taunton, sold for £7,025, in lots, by Messrs. W. J. Villar and Co.; 37 acres of orchards on the Temple Langhorne estate, near Worcester, sold for £3,050, by Messrs. Bentley, Hobbs and Mytton; and various holdings elsewhere at satisfactory prices. **ARBITER.**





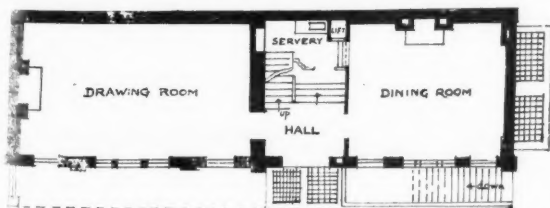
IN the house now known as No. 1, Mount Row, a little to the west of Berkeley Square, we have another interesting example of the conversion of a mews building into a dwelling-house—an expedient that has been especially favoured as one solution of the many building difficulties created by post-war conditions. The house dates from 1893, when it was built to provide coach-house and stabling accommodation, with men's quarters on the two upper floors. Its exterior does not stir one's enthusiasm, for architecture in the 'nineties was dull indeed, and latter-day conformity to the sanitary by-laws has harried the façade with pipes. The interest of the work is within, where, as the



VIEW FROM ROADWAY.



ENTRANCE.

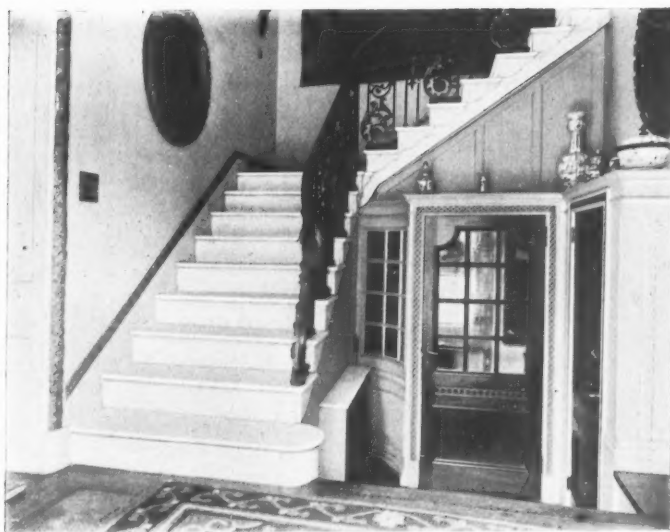


GROUND-FLOOR PLAN.

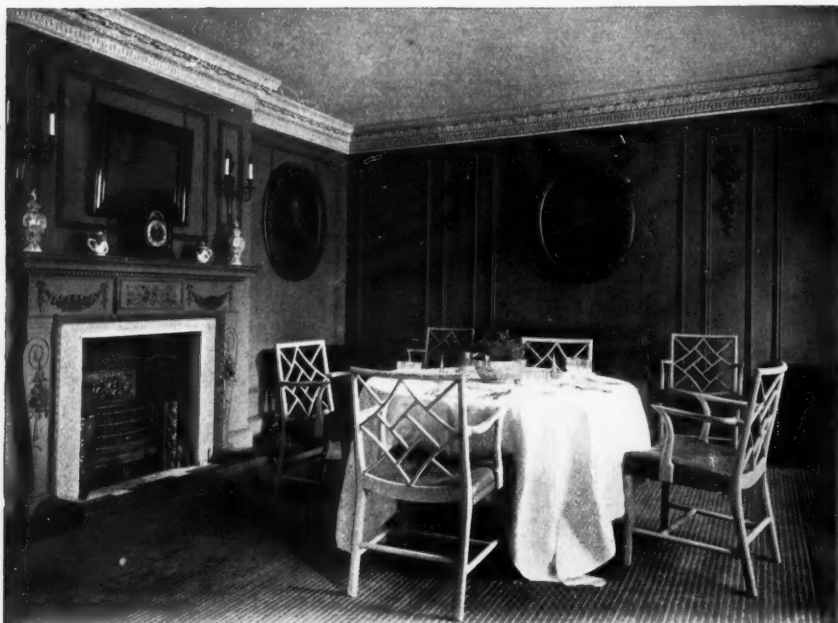
accompanying photographs show, some charming rooms have been provided. The work was done four years ago for the late Mr. M. Matheson, the architects being Messrs. Gilbert and Constanduros.

The original building was divided into two portions on the ground floor, the coach-house being on the right, entered by a pair of folding doors from the mews yard, while on the left was a four-stall stable. There was one entry from the street, and a staircase directly opposite it gave access to the upper rooms; area steps leading down to a cellar.

In adapting the building to its new needs, the coachhouse opening was bricked up, together with a window above, the stable wing was refronted, and



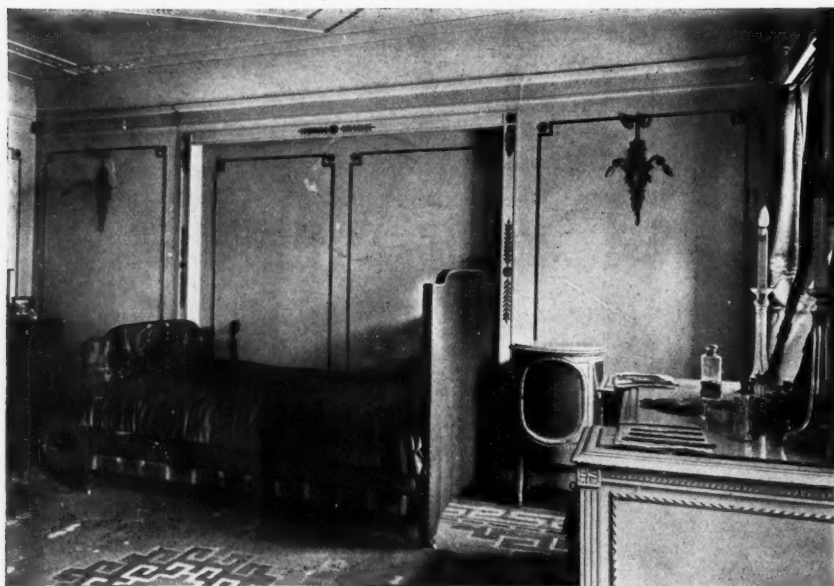
STAIRCASE.



DINING-ROOM.



DRAWING-ROOM.



BEDROOM.

new window openings were made, their appearance, as also that of the existing openings, being enhanced by moulded brick architraves.

At the entry we gain an indication of what is within. Here is a well wrought iron screen or grille (the work of a London smith) enclosing a pair of folding doors, and having embellishment above in the form of a wrought-iron vase and leaves; the whole being backed by plate glass. Directly opposite this entrance is the staircase, of marble. It offers another example of craftsmanship in iron, but this is French work, the balustrade being a portion of a staircase that once belonged to a château. From the foot of the staircase a couple of steps lead down to a door that screens the servery, where there is a food lift to the kitchen in the basement.

To the right of the hall is the dining-room, an illustration of which is given on this page, and looking at it we may conjure up a picture of the coach-house which formerly occupied the space. What a change indeed! It is a good modern example of a small room embellished after the Georgian manner, pleasing alike in its lines and in its decoration and furnishing. The walls are of a soft shade of green, touches of subdued enrichment being given by the picture frames and by the gilt floral drops on the narrow panels. The carpet is of variegated stripes, overspreading a parquet floor. The chairs are painted a pale green tone and the windows are hung with claret-coloured curtains, with white net curtains next to the glass. This colour scheme is very restful.

It is worth while noting that the panelled effect has been obtained with mouldings applied to the plaster, which mouldings have been painted the same tone as the walls. The effect of this is always more satisfactory than when mouldings are picked out in a different colour.

On the opposite side of the hall is the drawing-room. This was formerly the stable. Here the decorative treatment is French in style, and the pieces which furnish the room are largely French. The tone of the walls is grey, and set at one end of the room is a white marble mantelpiece having ormolu enrichments. In its stable days the roof was open, but the room is now ceiled across, the junction with the walls being marked by a cove which sweeps up boldly from the cornice. Mention of the cove recalls to mind its exterior use in domestic architecture. This is seen frequently in French work—in its simplest form in the single-storey cottages of Normandy, where it is used virtually as a curving continuation of the wall face. To obtain a good effect, however, the cove must be on a goodly sweep.

On the first floor is one bedroom, with a bathroom adjacent. This bedroom is also French in character, its decorative ornament being based on a simple version of First Empire work. The bathroom is panelled out in marble.

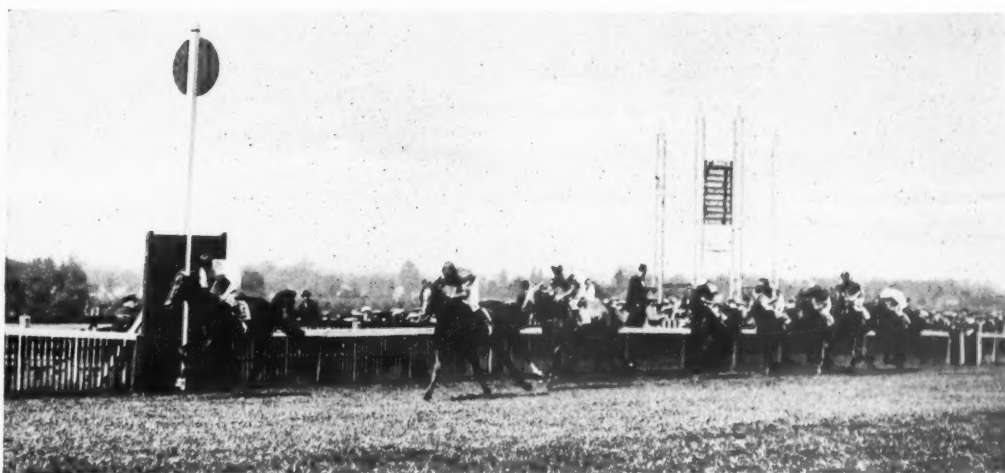
For the rest, there is no more to say than that there are three bedrooms on the top floor and that in the basement the service quarters have been very handily contrived and, with good area lights, made decently habitable.

R. R. P.



# THE "ECLIPSE" AND THE "NATIONAL" BREEDERS

SALTASH AND MUMTAZ MAHAL



SALTASH WINNING THE ECLIPSE STAKES.

Lord Astor's horses have won this race four times in five years.

WRITING a week ago I fancy I expressed a belief that Bold and Bad would win the Eclipse Stakes at Sandown Park for Lord Astor. Most of the daily newspapers on the morning of the race divided their votes between Bold and Bad and Triumph. One or two went for Psychology, and Teresina was not wholly ignored. One, however, that was discarded came along to utterly confound all the wisdom on the British Turf. Saltash won for Lord Astor, and neither Bold and Bad, Triumph nor Psychology could reach so far as one of the minor positions. The winner's starting price was 20 to 1; and if those who had betted freely were downcast, the bookmakers were jubilant. For this did, indeed, represent a gift from their gods. There is invariably heavy betting on the Eclipse Stakes when the favourite is not at odds on, and it was certainly the case this time. Those associated with the Manton stable, and Lord Astor's horses in particular, made no secret of the fact that Bold and Bad was regarded as being well in front of Saltash on their home gallops. Then why, it was argued, bother with Saltash? Surely the one to trouble about was the four year old Triumph, which had won the Princess of Wales' Stakes at Newmarket and appeared to have a reasonable chance of giving the necessary weight to Lord Astor's three year old.

From my reading of the way things were regarded, the belief in Bold and Bad was so strong that there was much doubt at one time as to whether it would be worth while sending Saltash to the post! If I am not wrongly informed, the matter was left open to the last moment, so to say, and even then the further question was debated as to making a declaration to win in favour of Bold and Bad, the effect of which would have been to throw expectation even more completely in the direction of the chosen one. The public also would have been tacitly told that Saltash had no possible pretensions of beating Bold and Bad and was merely engaging in the race for pacemaking purposes. Fortunately for all concerned, especially, of course, for the owner, such procedure was not adopted. The aftermath would have been even worse than was actually the case.

Let me here jog back to the paddock preliminaries and record some impressions of the candidates for this most valuable race of the season in this country. There were nine of them, and one of the first I came across was Triumph, a son of the over-lauded Tracery. He has made extraordinary progress in his later days. As a two year old he was really worthless for racing because he had no action. A less patient owner than Mr. Anthony de Rothschild would have got rid of him. As a three year old he only ran once, which was very early in the year. It became necessary, so to say, to put him in cold storage again and withdraw him as a four year old. He showed himself on Friday to

be a well trained racehorse, and I say that notwithstanding the disappointing show he gave in the race at Sandown Park.

Bucks Hussar is really one of the marvels of the times. He is raced and raced, and while most horses would succumb to such methods—for, of course, he is given lots of hard work in private—I understand that he flourishes on it. He came into the ring big in condition and, apparently, a very sound horse. He is a very big and powerful individual, and a perfect specimen of what I should understand an ideal King's Premium horse to be. But, of course, Sir Abe Bailey has more ambitious ideas about him, though he is not such a good horse as he imagines. He really thought Bucks Hussar to be a good thing to beat all the fancied horses for the Eclipse Stakes. Psychology, if a trifle long in the back, has grown and thickened until he, too, is powerful in every respect to-day. He also is by Tracery and, like Papyrus and Triumph, he is of a hard dark brown, almost black colour. There is no doubt the shrewd folk associated with Psychology fancied him most seriously on this big occasion.

Teresina is also by Tracery, but she is a rich chestnut in colour, in which respect she takes after her dam, Blue Tit, and her half-sister, Blue Dun. They say the three year old filly that carried the Aga Khan's colours has no speed, but that she is a great stayer. She certainly has the look of a stayer, for she is lengthy and carries no superfluous flesh nor abnormal growth such as you will often find in very fast horses. It is really quite remarkable that Teresina should not yet have won



W. A. Rouch.

SALTASH, BY SUNSTAR—HAMOAZE.

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a race; but then, she was not much raced as a two year old, and this season so far she has been competing in high-class company. After all, she has now been second for the Newmarket Stakes, Coronation Stakes and Eclipse Stakes and third for the Oaks. It is, at least, a consistent record and shows that her winning day must come soon.

Of Lord Astor's pair, Bold and Bad, for obvious reasons, came in for most notice. If it were not for what we saw him do at Ascot, when he ran that fine race for the Hardwicke Stakes with Chosroes, you would not have been attracted by him. He is of no more than average size, and as he was looking rather light over the loins, as a horse will do that may not have done well after leaving his training quarters, he did not arrest the eye by exceptional looks. He was sweating, too, and anxious in his manner, but his admirers would not heed the disquieting signals. Saltash is just an ordinary-looking individual, a chestnut by Sunstar, very neatly made, and perhaps showing rather more quality than his stable companion; but he is not the sort that you would pick out as being an exceptional horse. He was, however, cool and collected, and there it was. He was the mount of the stable's second jockey, in the second colours and those associated with him had all their eyes for Bold and Bad.

Miltiades has grown rather common. He gives that idea because he falls away rather abruptly behind the loins, and though he was highly tried as a two year old he is only quite ordinary now. Duncan Gray appeared for the first time wearing that abominable tube in his throat. I suppose the operation

I cannot tell you why Triumph failed, beyond the obvious explanation that he was simply not good enough. Apparently, he had every chance of showing his worth, for there was an absence of bumping and scrimmaging. Yet, he never for a moment came into the picture with the remotest chance of coming through. Such as Bucks Hussar, Miltiades and Star Chamber I did not expect to see there, but for Psychology, too, it can be said that he never once flattered his many admirers. Well, it was a strange affair altogether, and the faces of the Manton people were a study for some time after the race. So, too, were the facial and oral expressions of the general public, especially those of them who had lost their money on Bold and Bad. The net result is that Lord Astor was able to capture in these circumstances the very valuable stake, making the fourth time he had done so in five years. But for the intervention of Golden Myth's head a year ago he would have won every Eclipse Stakes' race since the resumption of racing after the war.

After what I have written about I believe there were some people who actually believed that grief, in the nature of defeat, would befall the phenomenal two year old of the season—Mumtaz Mahal—when, on the following day, she came to run for the National Breeders' Produce Stakes, worth in the aggregate £5,000. They professed nervousness about her. They may have had in mind how at Pontefract the other day the unbeaten Druid's Orb, winner of the New Stakes at Ascot, in which race he gave 10lb. and a beating to Ducks and Drakes, was defeated with odds of 100 to 7 betted on him. However, Druid's Orb is only a very good young racehorse. Mumtaz Mahal is a super-horse, and such fates are not meted out to the few in a lifetime which are discovered in her exalted class.

The sight of Mumtaz Mahal in the paddock at Sandown Park inevitably reminded me of her sire. The abnormal size, especially the extravagant development behind the saddle, the grey colouring, and the irregular light grey splotches about the middle piece and quarters—these characteristics brought back vivid memories of her famous sire in whose footsteps she is so faithfully treading. I thought also of the day exactly ten years ago when The Tetrarch was the observed of all observers in that same paddock prior to going out to win the National Breeders' Produce Stakes. Win he did, because he was never beaten; but, through being caught unawares by the starter and colliding with another, he lost so much ground that in the end he only claimed a win by a neck, whereas The Tetrarch invariably won by a canter by some lengths.

There is little more to say about this daughter of his ten years later. Her two previous essays in public had revealed her as a prodigy of super-powers, and no others mattered. The opposition, indeed, was not worthy of her since the best was Glitter Gold, for he has not a race to his credit and, therefore, was entitled to receive much weight from her. This one it was that chased her from end to end of the five furlongs, being four lengths further away from her at the finish than he had been when the start took place. The four others in the field were beaten off, and indulged in a pretty race all on their own. In due course she will have to run at

six furlongs if she is to try for the Champagne Stakes and the Middle Park Plate. As a matter of fact, she is in the Molecombe Stakes at Goodwood next week, and the distance here is six furlongs. We shall soon know, therefore, whether she is any less formidable over six than she most certainly is over five furlongs.

Goodwood is really upon us next week. With such reckless haste do the seasons seem to fly. On Tuesday there is the race for the Stewards' Cup, on Wednesday the race for the Goodwood Plate, on Thursday the Cup race and the King George Stakes, while on Friday the Chesterfield Cup, as usual, is down for decision. On each day two and three year olds will have their big chances of earning distinction and, as I have said, it will be a big draw on the last day when Mumtaz Mahal comes out to perform once more. I do not think the Wokingham Stakes winner, Crowdenis, will compete for the Stewards' Cup—he may have been to Liverpool this week—but his trainer, Mr. Persse, who won the race a year ago with Tetrameter, may have a worthy candidate in the Irish three year old Zanoni, though, strictly on form, Suryakumari may have the beating of him. Legality is extremely well handicapped, and he would win for sure if only he could reproduce the form he is capable of in private.

A three year old that catches the eye is Meteoric, though it is said that the stable have a better at the weights in Morning Light. Surely the French horse Epinard, being only a three year old, has too much weight at 8st. 6lb. Hunting Song and Laughter I like among the older horses, but I have an idea that a three year old will win.

PHILIPPOS.



W. Rouch.

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MUMTAZ MAHAL, BY THE TETRARCH—LADY JOSEPHINE.

is necessary and does indeed bring relief, but it is rather sad that a colt so good as Duncan Gray was as a two year old should have to be subjected to it. He might have been a top sawyer now had he kept all right in his wind. Star Chamber carried the colours which were successful a year ago when Sir George Bullough's Golden Myth beat Tamar a head for the rich stake. Star Chamber was outclassed here, though he ought to do good service when racing in less pretentious company. For that matter, it was far from being an exalted Eclipse Stakes field. There may have been few worse in the history of the race.

If you did not see the race for yourself, then you will have read of it and, that being so, it is not necessary for me to tell a detailed story of how the favourite Bold and Bad failed to show his superiority to his stable companion Saltash. Just when we expected him to come along and prove it—for Saltash, next to the rails, was leading Teresina and Duncan Gray, and they had not much further to go—Bullock was seen to be in trouble on Bold and Bad. It was hard to believe, but there it was. The favourite would not win. Realising that in a flash, you focussed your glasses on others. Would Saltash hold on to his advantage to win? If so, what a stunning surprise would be caused! What a mighty upheaval! Duncan Gray at that moment put in a big effort which as rapidly expired—that wind infirmity again. So the issue was narrowed down to Saltash and Teresina, and the difference there is between the three year old colts and fillies of 1923 was shown when Teresina was held in check and made to put up with second place. Such was the issue of this dramatic race.